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Jan. 16



Six Secrets of Sex appeal —Page 12



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SUPER SHIPS OF THE SKIES

CHRISTOPHER JOHN



Experts of the air are fighting an unending secret battle for the supremacy of the skies.

WHEN a few months ago the Royal Air Force's "Canberra" skidded down on to Farnham 'drome in the Capital Territory, its captain made a determined bid to wrest from the Navy the title of the most efficient of the Silent Services.

"Reports claim that your ship did better than 60 miles an hour," probed an eager newshound hopefully. "Is that correct?"

"It's wrong," murmured Captain Constant Maudslayi.

"Whistling-pigeons—wrong! Too fast or too slow?" probed the impatient newshound, deciding to leave any red

hairs drawn across the scout. "Just wrong," advised Captain Constant, more blandly than ever . . . and departed considerably above no doubt more grinning and less nervous affairs.

Which seems as good a conventional gadget as any for revealing everything without disclosing anything.

And—much as it may depress all aspiring journalists—it is one which will probably be used much more frequently in the future.

With ever-increasing tempo, aerodynamic experts of the world are fighting a secret battle for air super-

ior; and the "Canberra" and its kind are only early prototypes.

Already, the experts are sleeking as polished postwar fighter planes that will be more than half again as fast as their counterparts of World War II; that will fly most than half as high; and that will cruise more than twice as far with twice the bomb load.

And this is only the beginning. As at writing, some engineers claim that they are well on the way to designing the first airplane type of atom motor.

They admit, of course, that they "have struck bugs." For example, they have still to solve how to make an atom engine fast enough to drive planes at high speeds; how to hook up atom power on to a jet; how to protect the crew from the deadly radiation.

And, they warn, "atom motors won't be practical in our own lifetime, anyway—except for war; they'll cost too much."

Still, they have no doubts that these difficulties will finally be overcome.

Though most details of their self-written mission remain Top Secret, it has been disclosed that some experts are at present concentrating on "neutron motors." That is, the fuel is one kind of uranium in core, heavy white metal related to disaccharide. It is called U-235 (uranium-235), because it is 235 times as heavy as the heart of a hydrogen atom (the lightest atom).

These U-235 atoms are the same type used in making the atom bomb which was dropped on Hiroshima and they serve as excellent fuel because they "burn" light as a breeze easily.

The "motor" would be started by hitting uranium with neutron "bullets" (they electrically-neutral particles wanting only four times a bil-

lionth of a billionth of a billionth of a . . .)

When a U-235 atom is hit by one of these "bullets," most of it splits into two parts—a tin called "krypton" and a metal, "barium." Some of the atom, however, is destroyed and changes into energy, giving off tremendous heat. Scientists calculate that heat being used to drive some kind of turbo-jet to propel the aircraft.

Moreover, the U-235 atom has neutrons in its heart and, when it splits, these neutrons are blasted out to hit and split other U-235 atoms. So the "reaction" keeps running almost indefinitely by what is known as "a chain reaction."

To slow down or shut off the "motor," carbon sticks are thrust into the U-235 fuel; the carbon absorbs the neutrons given off by the splitting uranium atoms and so stops the neutron bullets from splitting other uranium atoms.

Obviously, a plane so powered could reach almost incredible speeds, reach unpredictable heights, and stay in the air for days at a time.

Which immediately gives rise to another difficulty. For once, men have been posing up at the sky and they still don't know what is there.

The highest mountain on the world—Mount Everest—is only 29,000 feet high; the highest airplane altitude record is less than 60,000 feet; the highest occupied balloon reached 132 miles; and even sounding balloons don't seem to surpass 23 miles. Yet the atmosphere is estimated to stretch from 50 to 60,000 miles above these distances.

It is a great air-sea where man is a complete stranger. Can he hope to explore it and live?

Scientists don't know. The high-altitude pilot (they reckon) must face fantastic obstacles. First, there is the

Current radio rumors on the Radio declare that an ageing Shakespearean actor, who long ago had been reduced to pails in broadcloth (with the accent on soup-spoon), succeeded in manner acquaintance. "I've found the perfect atom-bomb shifter," announced the ancient closely "Where?" queried the friend. "My agent's office," explained the pit-broiled "There hasn't been any radio-activity there for months."

question of heat and cold. Any pilot knows that the higher he goes, the colder it gets. But—strangely enough—it does not get colder indefinitely. It has been calculated that about 33 miles up in "the stratosphere" there is a region of constant temperature (about 45 degrees). Up about 20 miles, however, the temperature begins to get warmer until at 33 miles—the words of U.S. engineer Richard Wideman—it may be hot enough to cook an egg for the pilot.

Then by the time the plane reaches 33 miles, the temperature has sunk again to 30 below zero. After which it begins to grow progressively hotter until there is a very real danger of the pilot drowning in the steam of his own boiling blood.

Moreover—to complicate matters—it appears that just over 33 miles altitude a constant wind would blow at an average of 300 miles an hour.

And—even supposing that the pilot survives these hazards—there is worse to stare. About 60 miles up, he will leave the stratosphere and enter the mesosphere. The atmosphere may be

described as a kind of "back-striker," which reflects back to earth all but very short radio waves. Scientists believe that there is a very good possibility that man cannot survive in the mesosphere—even in a pressurized cabin. They worry that radiation from the sun and perhaps other sources might well prove lethal.

What the stratosphere, therefore, to the all-time sailing fan high-flying planes? Again some scientific answer "No."

And why? The auto engineers make no bones about holding that the airplane pilot of to-day is rapidly becoming obsolete. They explain that even to-day's airplanes are so fast that the pilot's reaction time is "a stumbling block in the path of progress." The distance between two planes flying toward each other at 300 miles an hour diminishes at the rate of a mile in three seconds. Re-figures a pilot can spot another plane, it is too late—unless he has automatic equipment. So the engineers have set themselves to plotting curves which will eventually put the plane pilot out of a job and let the plane fly itself.

Indeed, the first automatic flight has already been made. In 1923, a U.S. C-34 made a "push-button trip" from America to England guided solely by a mechanical brain. In other words, an "Automatic Flight Controller," a system of controls which are used in conjunction with an automatic pilot so as to produce a point-to-point flight with automatic take off and landing.

And, working from these beginnings, Dr. H. E. Edgerton, research official of North American Aviation is now developing a plane which the channel will "require the man at the stick to do little more than keep breathing."

But as such a plane slides through

the stratosphere into the mesosphere, will man be able to keep the man at the stick breathing? Though—as has been said—most scientists are doubtful, others—including Dr. Edgerton—are inclined to a growing optimism.

To combat the dangers of heat and cold, they are using new metals to they and. Current forecasts seem to be "impossible." A metal about 60 per cent heavier than aluminum but only about half the weight of steel and which will successfully resist temperatures ranging from 300 to 500 degrees.

At present, the big drawback is the price of production of titanium, but producers are trying to develop a cheaper method.

One of the most interesting is Douglas Armstrong's use of paper. Douglas has discovered that paper, formed into a honeycomb structure, impregnated with resin and sandwiched between two thin sheets of metal, is "in a strength-for-weight basis, the strongest material in the world."

Plastics also are taking on new

roles. The Lockheed Company in the United States, is now producing what has been named "Lockdown," a sort of plastic version of foam rubber that is rigid instead of yielding, and strong enough to replace metal reinforcements.

All of which are steps in the right direction. But there still remains to be overcome the menace of the lethal radiation, both from the mesosphere and from the "atom motor." So far, no surprises in this regard have been made public, yet it is not improbable that the solving of one problem will mean the solving of both. After all, strange things have happened.

And, if man continues to be man, strange things certainly will happen. It's a bet.

Still, that is for the future to show. For the moment, all that can be said with any certainty is that when in it some prospering Pressman comes the first pilot to descend from the mesosphere, he will probably receive the same reply which Captain Conroy was supposed to send on Pan Am's "Moore."



the WITCH of WALL street

The world's maddest thronging street was just a semi-cave for Elsie Green.

MELBOURNE THOMAS



WALL STREET, the world's greatest thronging street, has been called many names—not all of them polite—in its flourishing history.

Its most appropriate nickname, however, is the Street of Frightened Men, for hard-headed business tycoons get there just watching the ticker-tape machines as they relentlessly spell out the baroglyphics that mean fortune or bankruptcy.

Even in these days of sex equality, it would seem to be no place for a lady. And yet, long before the Gay Nineties, the most famous operator was a woman, Elsie Green, who

richly earned her nickname of The Witch of Wall Street.

Elsie Green worshipped the all-mighty dollar with zeal. In her lifetime, she amassed one million dollars into a financial empire, which at her death was worth nearly one hundred million dollars.

Elsie (or, to give her full baptismal name, Charlotte Howard Robinson), was born on the 21st of November, 1834, at New Bedford, Massachusetts (U.S.A.). Although her Quaker parents professed a species of theism, they weren't short of cash. Her father owned the largest whaling

fleet then afloat in the world.

Elsie's mother and father ungenerously on her the virtue of thrift. She seems to have taken their advice very much to heart.

Even at that tender age, when most little girls play with dolls, Elsie played with dollars, for already she liked the fascinating game of accumulating riches until she had enough to change into dollars. By the time she was eight, she had a tidy bank-account.

Both her father and her grandfather had poor sight, and found difficulty in reading small print. Consequently, as a girl of 14, it became one of Elsie's daily chores to read aloud to the two men, the stock exchange reports in the daily papers. By the time she was 18, Elsie had a knowledge of the stock market, which very few Wall Street experts could match.

She spent most of her time in the company of a maiden aunt, Sylvia Ann Howland, who possessed a considerable fortune exceeding one million dollars.

Naturally, by the time she was old enough for her coming-out party, Elsie showed every symptom of being a hard-boiled and class-distinct business woman.

Her home was abuzz with candles for the occasion. Elsie became suddenly appalled at this wicked waste. She hurried around each room, and snuffed out candle after candle, long before the staidly guests were ready to depart. Next morning, she promptly sold the partly used candles back to the storekeeper from whom they had been purchased.

When she was 20, her father died; Elsie inherited one million dollars outright, plus the life interest in five million dollars worth of six per cent United States Government Bonds.

Shortly afterwards, her aunt also expired. Elsie was married on the

day after the aunt's will . . . a life interest in an estate without it was not a half million dollars. But, like Oliver Twist, Elsie wanted more. She went to Court to gain absolute possession of her aunt's estate.

She based her claim upon an earlier will of her aunt's (which she produced to the Court). She and her aunt (who several had made a compact that neither of them would draw up a later will at any time, without first consulting the other).

The Court dismissed her claim. Having for the moment lost fortune, Elsie seems to have resolved to fortitude. At all events, when she was 38, she married Edward Henry Green, who was some 12 years older than Elsie, but had a million dollars of his own.

Naturally, the spouses were openly doubtful of any more love matches. They described the marriage as merely an arrangement of two financial institutions. They were probably near the mark.

If ever two entirely different characters were wed, it was Elsie and Edward. Edward was an extremely easy dresser, while Elsie preferred to wear, Edward took things easy and believed that wealth was the open sesame to all the good things of life. On the other hand, Elsie's motto was work like hell and spend nothing.

The marriage never reached anything like the silver anniversary stage, for the luckless Edward soon committed an irreparable sin—in Elsie's eyes. He allowed himself to be outwitted in a business deal that cost him several thousands of dollars. Elsie promptly berated the failure from her household for ever.

Elsie had two children, a son whom she called Edward, and a daughter named Sylvia. She doted Edward, but she had a strange way of showing her affection. She even denied

**A CONCISE
CONVERSATIONAL
GUIDE FOR
FRUSTRATED HUSBANDS**

If you want your wife to listen
to your woes, don't groan and
wheeze.

Keep your mouth shut in the
day-time
and talk loudly in your sleep.

—JAY-PAY

her progeny sufficient food to eat.

When he was 18, he lost a leg and at was advised at the time that, if his mother had been prepared to pay for proper medical attention, the limb could have been saved. Betty, in her mad career for money, executed her wilful behavior on the grounds that the less she spent during her lifetime the greater would be Edward's inheritance.

But Edward proved a disappointment. Neither he nor his sister Sylvia showed the slightest inclination to perpetuate their mother's incredible dollar dynasty.

But Betty pressed on. There was nothing unorthodox about her investment policy. Firstly, she liked bricks and mortar. So she invested in no less than 1,000 properties. In Chicago alone, she possessed over five million dollars worth of real estate.

Stocks and debentures in various railroad companies were also a first favorite with Betty. And only on one occasion, did she allow personal pages

to interfere her business accounts. This was when she bought up an entire railway system just to spite a business rival. The deal was one of the very few that she came out of badly.

In the main, however, Betty shopped wisely for that with respect to her widowed mother and many day next year, sold United States Government Bonds bearing a regular six per cent.

In fact, her favorite pastime was to borrow a pair of trousers, and to sit for hours on the cold stone floor of a New York bank, as busy as a busby, clipping off interest coupons from a fat bundle of Government Bonds which she turned around with her in constant business pockets in her numerous skirts.

Betty's skirts were an everyday topic in New York, and an evergreen subject for stage comedians to make ribald jokes about. In fact, when the female Mikes was at the apex of her fabulous career and making at least \$25,000 dollars a day, it was said that the greatest scoop any reporter could bring off, was to find out the size just how many skirts Betty really did wear.

Naturally, Betty had no intimate friends, but occasionally, she had a luncheon date with another old money grub named Russell Sage. Sage was a worthy companion for Betty, as his personal fortune hovered atop the hundred million dollar mark.

When the two million-millionaires put their feet under the same table, the scene was hardly one of genteel, unadorned splendor. The waiters were not required to rush in readily with coffee, pots de fleur and champagne. In fact, it was customary for the two people merely to order a cup of coffee each, no doubt awkwardly becoming the fact that neither of them had the foresight to carry a

grogram stove with them, the waiting given that minute surprise.

Betty would produce a battered diamond from some mysterious pocket as one of her skirts, her gold-laced gloves (not to be confused) would burst to light from her overcoat pocket a newspaper parcel containing a few salvaged sandwiches. Over this pitifully bit of fare, the two mamas would plan some new destiny in the world of high finance.

Betty hated publicity and was seldom interviewed, but she made no secret of the fact that in order to amass her terrific fortune she had borrowed her commensurate. Even after the lapse of over 25 years, most of her income could be traced and King is a modern broker's office an appropriate primer for business survivors.

Betty scoffed at the idea that making money was difficult. You just buy cheap and sell dear, she remarked casually, without explaining exactly how she achieved this desirable state of affairs.

On one memorable evening in 1908, The Lady Who Loved Money amazed everybody by actually inviting most people to a dinner party at Boston. She greeted her guests warmly, and complimented the lady members of the party upon their elegant figure. Then Betty donned a faded black coat and led her hapless guests on a marathon route march half way across Boston. When at last they reached their destination, they were ushered into a shabby boarding house where they sat down to dinner. The austerity of the repast can be gauged from the fact that the whole party only cost Betty less than three dollars. It could almost be said that the only thing Betty had spent was the evening.

In 1901, there was a short-lived experiment, The Mistress of Wall Street,

with her keen nose for changing economic conditions, around this depression. From after, and long before money tightened up, she had sold her huge holdings of bonds at a premium, and had every problem of dollars available to lend to anyone—provided their collateral mortgage was worth immediate and they agreed to pay an exorbitant rate of interest.

Yet—though she was worth millions—she was bankrupt of friends.

The richest woman on earth died out a lonely old age. Her testament proved for money forced her to deny himself the basic necessities of life. Deprived in essence was, the pathetic Betty, sick in body and mind, would walk miles to queue up for free medical attention at slum clinics, where she gave agonized screams.

The end came on the 3rd July, 1918, when the Witch of Wall Street passed away in a cheap Hoboken apartment house at the age of 82.



6 secrets of SEX APPEAL



Wasn't a Victor Hugo who opined that no washed woman ever captured both the appeal of a woman who had scuffed heels? Is a disheveled nightdress

"YOU do not have to be uncleaned to be sexy," states Lauren Bacall (who should know). "Showing your legs or your bosom is not necessarily sexy. It is a fallacy to think that just because you are wearing a low-cut gown or a tight sweater you look sexy. Sex should be subtly suggested. You do it with a look or an expression or with your voice. An actress should be good enough to put across the idea of sex without undressing."

Sometimes very ugly women can have tremendous sex appeal. As La. Breyer once noted, there are no

really women—only women who do not know how to look pretty. And no woman is ever plain or ugly to a man she fascinates. An American traveling abroad was once amazed when he met a woman he had heard widely praised on the continent as the most breathtaking beauty of Hungary. But she's not beautiful at all! he protested to an Hungarian friend. "In fact, her eyes are much too close together!" The Hungarian smiled tolerantly. "Ah," he said, "that's because you foolishly looked

JULIE ARCHIE

at her eyes—instead of into them!"

The first secret of sex appeal is an unguessed sexuality. It is an odd but universal fact that a great many men are most appetitively or are only mildly aroused by the sight of an undressed girl. But these same men will breathe faster, and experience a strong physical interest, while watching fully-clothed women like Miss West or Gypsy Rose Lee—women of whom is particularly beautiful.

In effect, strong sexual attraction is achieved by thinking and feeling in the following manner, when men are present. "I know he looks a strong attraction for me. I can read it in his face. And he knows that I am aware of this feeling. Even though we talk about innocuous subjects, he is thinking of me as a woman, subconsciously admiring me. And I'm glad of it, being a woman, even though we remain polite strangers."

The second secret of sex appeal is the ability to speak with your eyes. There are the windows through which most men are able to see your implied sexuality. Your eyes are capable of registering subtle shades and nuances of meaning. You can train your eyes to "speak" by practicing the expression of your thoughts without words, through your glance. It is a fact that men often become exhausted, and feel a romantic thrill, at the first glance bestowed upon them by a girl who attracts them.

If you wish to test the power of your eyes to speak for you, make this revealing experiment. Stand in front of a mirror and cover all of your face with cardboard except your eyes. Now watch the change of expression in your eyes as you register feelings like emotional love, desire, hate, grief, irritation, desperation, fear and joy in turn. You will be amazed by the eloquence of your

eyes—and convinced that you can convey the idea of sensuality by the use of eyes alone!

The use of your voice is a third way to achieve sex appeal. Think of a moment of how effectively the idea of sex is conveyed by such Hollywood personalities as Charles Boyer, Lauren Bacall, Clark Gable, Marlene Dietrich. You don't even have to see them—listening their voices on radio, you can recognize the electrical, compelling quality of their personalities. It is interesting, in this connection, to note that many radio stars—never seen by their public—receive fan letters seeking love.

"The expression, 'Falling in love with a voice,' is hardly an exaggeration," states Dr. Easton Chesser. "Love at first sound is as possible as love at first sight." How do you go about getting sex appeal into your voice? First, remember that it isn't only the content of your voice that counts—it's also the way that you speak. Don't try to imitate any movie star's way of speaking, because it will only sound affected and ridiculous. Develop the personality of your own voice.

An interesting trick of speech which can help you do this is to use words sparingly. Don't be a chatterbox. . . . did you ever know a woman who talked too much to have sex appeal? Try to be a little subtle in your speech—think a great deal, and reflect only a small portion of what thought is what you say. This will create depth to your conversation, and be much more attractive—because more provocative—to men. The more you talk, the more obvious you are. The more obvious you are, naturally, the less mysterious and alluring you are.

The fourth secret of sex appeal is subtle mystery. It is only human to be attracted to people who seem to

It had to happen. Already one young Hollywood star is an open revolt against the age-level of today's movie romances. "Where're they making all the good roles to men like Paul?" Gable and "Young" DeLoach. "Gee, like that, making middle-aged, can't play a love scene like a kid of 16" (which just happens to be DeLoach's own age). "Honey," "Well," sighs DeLoach. "In and life year that knows are as good that you event, your own timing and you practically quit breathing. How can you go on the plus 30 mark and a young man like this?" All approved students of it and plus should address their complaints to Warner DeLoach—not to us.

(From "Photoplay," the world's greatest motion picture magazine)

be attracted to you. Any man, consequently, cannot help responding to a girl who shows genuine interest in and attention to him. Note that word "genuine." You can be genuinely interested in almost any man, if you want to be. A man quickly senses such interest, as detected by it, and responds to it eagerly. On the other hand, even fairly tall men can quickly spot an "act" by a girl trying to pretend interest, attention and admiration. Such an obvious tactic will only tend to frighten him off, or make him feel contempt for the girl who uses it.

By really being curious about and interested in a man, you inspire him to confidence which shows him instantly closer to you. The more of himself that he gives to you, the more attractive he will find you. In other words, you can actually add to your sex appeal by being less self-centered while on dates, and conversely taking as him. Even if you don't have any particularly strong feeling for your date, such practice is good for you, and will enhance your feeling of self-confidence.

For want of a better description, the fifth secret of sex appeal might best be described as unavailability. Sexual desire in a man is always heightened when the object of his interest is unobtainable and somewhat mysterious. This is based on the workings of the laws of taboo. What is taboo, or forbidden, is always fascinating. The girl who dates being played as a mystery, who can't be "figured out," will always attract and excite the average man.

This element is most important only in a dating relationship, when a man is "testing out" a girl he has severely met, trying to learn what makes her tick. If she is quickly "figured out," there is a tendency of the man to lose interest. On the other hand, if with each date he feels her more powerful and baffling, he becomes a heightened—and eventually reaches a state of mind and even desire level.

Unavailability, as well as some of the other traits we have discussed, can be achieved with a light touch. You don't have to act like Greta Garbo in *Casablanca* to be sexually

alluring. In fact, your chances are better if you are a pleasant companion. Pleasant . . . but restrained, with a subtle use of all your powers of sex appeal.

The final secret of sex appeal in your personal grooming. A good advice that overworking perfumes will always add to your allure, if used sparingly and with taste. Stay and wear the kind of clothes that emphasize your physical charms—but be wary of loud or too daring items which may label you as "cheap" in men's eyes. If you without anyone that men like these girls to look fresh, clean, and nicely made-up. No matter how plain you think you are, the personal grooming can often make you more attractive than a severely pretty girl!

The six secrets of sex appeal are most important in getting the interest of a man you like, and holding that interest. You should exercise caution, however, in being sure that

you don't rush him into marriage while he is in a state of infatuation. Because that could be as fatal a mistake for you as it would be for him. Marriage is too serious a business to base merely on the response of a man to your sex appeal.

Once you have his interest securely hooked, you can afford to let him know you better. At the same time you get to know him better, sex appeal is not a sufficient reason to marry. It is simply that attraction which gives two people an opportunity to consider how well-matched they would be as marriage partners. But that opportunity may never come, unless you use the six secrets of sex appeal—unpled femininity, the ability to speak with your eyes, the persuasive use of your voice, the subtle flattery of interest and attention, unavailability, and personal grooming. What else could men that sophisticated?



The freemen and the Quakers were clashing . . . with Indians in between.

LESTER WAT



Battle of brotherly Love

BY 1763 the Conestoga Indians had been reduced to scarcely 20 persons. They had become close friends of the whites and thus had killed them.

Even so, there were 20 left, with the kindly Quakers of Philadelphia on one side of them, and the wild frontier on the other side. The frontier people were not Quakers.

Just before dawn on the 14th of December, an old Christian Indian asleep in his hut heard the shrill wailing of dry wives and unweaned feet. He got up, wrapped his blanket around him, and went out to investigate. The sound stopped, the night was black, but he heard horses stamp-

ing somewhere in a nearby wood.

He went toward the woods, and heard a shout—"That's him! It's the one that killed my mother!"

A rocket exploded in his face, and the old Indian dropped. Instantly, 20 whooping frontsmen charged the hut and commenced killing.

But there were only six Indians there, two of whom were women and three children; the rest were wavy somewhere else. Matthew Smith, who led the massacre, was specially engaged at firsting as few to kill.

So 14 Conestoga were still alive somewhere. The killers rode back to Forton Grove, planning further war-din. On their way, they hunted to a

man named Thomas Wright of what they had done.

"What? Don't you believe in the Bible?" Smith demanded of the pagan Wright. "Don't the Scriptures command us to destroy the heathen?"

It sounded good—but it was exactly an afterthought.

Non-violence was the Quaker creed. The Quaker leader, William Penn, and his followers had settled among the Indians, had treated them as friends, and had never been exterminated.

That is why Matthew Smith quoted Scripture, for the unkillable people on the frontier said that the Philadelphia bar-ways could be self-righteous only because tough frontier people scorned them.

When Penn and his followers had settled among the Delaware, they had solemnly agreed not to take up arms against each other, and had both kept the contract. That was fine—only, it didn't apply. Every frontsmen knew that, when Penn arrived, the Delaware could no more make war than the Quakers themselves. The Indians had conquered them, destroyed them, and treated them better to use weapons again without permission of their conquerors. In 1761, when the Delaware refused to vacate land claimed by the whites, the Quakers had called in the troops, who executed them. It was just as easy as that.

But that was all changed. Fortson, Chief of the Ottawa, had persuaded in calling all the tribes in to the warpath, the Indians had released the Delaware from their bond, and the Delaware were making up for lost time. They were killing, torturing and burning all along the border.

While these rulers searched plantations about heartily love, the men of the border were returning to homes in which, to wives mistreated and mort-

ified, no children watched or carried away. That is what was behind the Conestoga massacre.

Hearing of it, the authorities moved the 14 surviving Indians to a jail in Lancaster for safekeeping, but the men of Fortson had better plans.

There was an Indian settlement in the valley of the River Schuylkill, with numbers to charge. Those Indians were Christians, 120 at then, and it was a prosperous community. But they were Indians, and easy meat.

When the Fortson men started forming an army to wipe out these Indian converts, the Quaker authorities were in a fix. They couldn't offer armed resistance (which was all that would stop the border men) and yet they had to stop them.

They moved the Indians into the city, but the population of Philadelphia, pecked them with stones as they passed through the streets. The British Regulars (who were to guard them) threatened their lives instead, because most of these regulars had had a taste of Indian fighting.

Frenzied, the City Fathers consulted the Indians, like so many sought, to the Indian Superintendent in New York, but didn't bother to inform the Governor, Sir William Johnson of it, for the frontsmen were already marching on Philadelphia, over a thousand strong.

Only armed force could stop them—and the policy was already laid on a foundation of Brotherly Love and refused to be unrolled force.

There was no way out for the Quaker rulers then. Yet who was it the wrong? The lords of the Indians were being killed, their barrens grounds destroyed, their young people deprived by white men. They fought for their own hearts in the only way they knew.

Of course, the frontsmen had committed outrages as heinous as the

For the attention of all sleeping back Watsons (both spare-room or otherwise). There are two reasons for the prevented, paroxysms of anger. The first is that the fish are living. The second is that the fish are not living. Which also results in that being considered an an excellent guide to character. You're sure a man's really concerning her if he can keep both hands in his pockets while describing the fish that got away.

Indians, but they had found uncomfortable handshakes to cover homes in the wilderness, had crunched the siding by their heavy and inefficient, and when their houses were burned and their families murdered, the authorities had answered their appeals by phrases about trespassing laws.

The frontiersmen believed that every Indian was a potential murderer. They felt a duty to their eyes dead, and to the women and children in their care, to wipe out the savages. And they believed that the values of Pennsylvanians were deliberately sacrilegious than in their own interests. When they marched on Philadelphia, it was not merely to punish Indians, but to force a change of administration.

Even so, the Quakers of the city had the hottest pit of all to swallow. They were profoundly anxious, and just as deeply conscious of their responsibility to the helpless savages confined in the city barracks. If they refused to act, the Indians would be

slaughtered and their proud record of wit and temperate rule would be torn to shreds.

The barracks way was almost on their sides; the City Fathers made their choice. It was a good choice.

The Quaker leaders called the whole city to arms. They took to arms themselves and confronted the dangerous with arms.

The barracks were besieged, a dozen women were mounted, awaiting every approaching about, every entrance to the city was guarded by armed citizens, and women kept them informed of the exact position of the Indian men.

The provisions came to within three miles of the barracks.

It was only then that Governor Penn made one last attempt to avoid an actual attack of arms. He went to the barracks and ordered the entire battery of cannons to be fired as a warning to the border men.

The salvo made a big noise . . . and a noise which the men from the border understood. Their march stopped abruptly. Maybe it wasn't a strictly non-resistant tactic, but it saved the day. Benjamin Franklin, with two other commissioners, rode out, and the frontiersmen were glad of an excuse to retreat gracefully.

They broke up. Some went peacefully into the city to see the sights, some started looking for homes in the neighborhood, but most drifted aimlessly away.

The most bitter of them rode with Matthew Smith. There was nothing sinister in their movements. They had remembered the surviving Conestoga Indians who were being held in Lancaster Jail.

They took the shortest road to Lancaster, 24 men in all, and arrived when the inhabitants of the little town were at the morning house.

The town wasn't even alarmed. It

was still waiting for news of the Indian man's attack on Philadelphia. The sound of gunfire houses didn't make a father in the morning house.

The border men ran to the jail. The policehouse stood aside while they burst open the door. They found the 14 Indians huddled in the yard against a stone wall, with only a few sticks to protect themselves.

Minutes were fixed at such close range that the stone wall was spotted thick with the heads of murdered children, women and men. And then the Indians surrounded the Indians.

a terrible mutilation of the dead. When the townspeople streamed out of the meeting house and into the jail yard, but there was nothing they could do.

But the border men had forgotten something. In their zeal to kill hapless Indians, they had forgotten the Delaware. While the fighting raged at the frontier were chasing some Indians in Philadelphia, a dozen of their own houses were burned out, and their families murdered.

They stuck to the frontier after that.

HELPFUL

By CLYDE WILLIAMS



HOW DID IRIS WATKINS DIE?



She flung her crossword puzzle and walked out into the black dark, forever.

It was the dead of night . . . near the little Welsh mining village of Blackwood, in the month of September, 1933. There were no lights in the houses at this hour; no light except that of the moon, shimmering from windows.

Out of these shadows stepped a man. He had a bundle draped on his shoulder. He crossed a little bridge over a stream, and as he walked he left the stench of a badly decomposed body drifting behind him.

He moved along the bank of the stream. After six stone he stopped. Fear would not let him go further. He had come far. He must get rid of the terrible thing on his shoulder.

He let the bundle slide to the shallow water of the stream. If lay there huddled up and quite limp. The man drew a breath, in which he had carried the corpse, close round which had snuggled a pretty girl.

He moved away into the shadows—and they swallowed him up for ever. Let us go back six weeks to the evening of August 13, 1933. And a very different scene. In the kitchen of a small cottage in Blackwood sat two happy persons. One was Iris Watkins, pretty, 21, popular. She worked as a shop assistant in the village. At the moment, she was just finishing the washing out of a second

ward gown. Her grandmother, the other person in the kitchen, was chaffing her about the time she wasted on such things.

Iris lived with her grandmother because her mother had married a second time. Her mother also lived in Blackwood, some distance from the grandmother's cottage.

Having finished the puzzle, Iris wrote a couple of letters.

At last she decided, as she had nothing else to do, that she would walk along to the pillar box.

She went out casually and on the way to the box she met a friend named Phyllis Jones.

"I'm just going along to post these letters," said Iris. "Wait for me and we'll walk back together."

Phyllis waited—but Iris never came—although she posted the letters. Phyllis went at last, deciding that Iris must have met someone else. She had—but who?

At home her grandmother became alarmed on the hours passed, and Iris had not returned. About midnight she went out herself. She called on Iris's mother, thinking the girl might have gone there. But she had not done so. The grandmother, who was devoted to the girl, hurried home. Still the girl did not return.

The next day officers, their families and villagers searched the district. The police were called in and they questioned Iris's many friends. Her most intimate pal—Alice Clarke—and she was sure that Iris had no serious love affairs. She liked going out with boys (and particularly pillar boxes) but she had no particular male friend.

Other people came forward to say they had seen Iris on the night she disappeared, but none of them said she had been alone.

One man, well-known in Blackwood, said that at eight on August 13 he had been on his way to the

station to meet his wife. He had seen a girl wearing a nightgown and a light pink dress standing with a pillar under the railway arch. They were still there as he crossed. The youth kept his face averted.

On that night of August 13, Iris had been wearing a pink cotton dress, a patent leather belt, a silk slip, and woolen underwear. Over these she was wearing a raincoat.

The statement of the well-known citizen looked like a story, but later, at the inquest, a young man named Williams said he was the young man under the railway arch and the girl was not Iris Watkins. His evidence was proven to be correct.

A man saw a girl resembling Iris walking—rather heavily, he said—with a tall man in a trench coat. The two were strolling beside a river, a mile with a pillar next to a narrow-gauge path.

A farmer came forward to state that, on August 13, two nights before the girl's disappearance, he had spoken to Mrs. Williams and a man. They were on his farm—Knoles. He told them they were trespassing, but that they could stay. He had known Iris since she was a child. The day after the girl disappeared, he had seen the man again.

The farmer gave a detailed description of Iris's companion.

The police searched but could have saved themselves the trouble. The stranger came forward during the inquest, said he was the man spoken to on the Knoles Farm, and proved the girl he met with was NOT Iris Watkins.

The search went on for weeks, and at last began to slacken off. People began to whisper that Iris must have run off with some man.

Forty days after her disappearance, however, she did turn up again. A Mrs. Tomkins, who lived by a bridge

J. W. BRAWLEY

STATE OF THE NATION (VII)

With a Happy New Year! Wish every man to come!
 Friend, foe, neighbor! Don't sit around looking dumb!
 Back up your bosom friends! Give their spines a sprightly smack!
 (Ignoring those of their bosoms reveal they're sun-burned on the back).

Be the Life of Parties! Gossip like young goats!
 Don't bubble up in corners drooping sour noses!
 Wobble on the whiskies! Let your offspring yell!
 (Be strong! Don't plug your ears and order them to Hell!)
 Explode nerve-cord ecstasies! Revive your blindest pals!
 The world (they say) is litened up with growth of pleasant folks,
 all eager to chat you. BUT — if you're not the kind to thrust
 for a star role of a lynching — you'd better find them first.

—JAY-PAY

stream on the outskirts of Blackwood, was crossing the tony bridge when she saw what looked like a bundle of clothes about five or six yards away. She went a little closer. Suddenly she realized that she had found Mrs. Watkins.

The body was decomposed and almost all the clothing was gone from it. Strangely, the shoes and stockings were on the body, which had one arm in a waistcoat, the last garment wrapped neatly round the corpse. The body could not have been there long, and it could not have been washed down the sluggish, shallow stream. Even if the stream had been capable of such a feat (showing of the heavy rain of August 10), the fact that the body had been placed where it was found was easily proved. The shoes were soaking wet on the upper, but the soles were dry. The body had fallen with the bottoms of the shoes

stretched out of the little stream.

The shoes and the underclothing might have drifted away (sheds of wool and silk were found adhering to the body), but not the patent leather belt, which was never found. The waistcoat covered the shoulders and head.

A post mortem examination on September 24 by four doctors revealed that the girl did not die from drowning, her lungs were quite free of water. Dr. Howell Evans said at the inquest that he could not ascribe to the cause of death. The girl's jaw was broken and one knee was dislocated. These injuries could have been caused after death. There was no poison in the stomach, no signs of strangulation or of blows having been delivered to the head, if one accepts the broken jaw. He believed, nevertheless, that Mrs. Watkins had died round about August 12—the night she

disappeared—and that her death was due to violence.

The coroner asked the doctor if he had any theory as to the nature of the violence.

"Yes," said the doctor. "An attempt at sexual outrage."

"You mean, her jaw and knee were injured in that attempt?"

"Not necessarily. Those parts may have been bruised during the attempt, and the fracture and dislocation could have later resulted from quick decomposition of the bruised parts. In my opinion, death was due to shock, and I think the injuries were caused during life."

The coroner's jury found, by a majority of seven to two, that Mrs. Watkins had been murdered by some person or persons unknown. To which the coroner rather systematically commented, "I am bound to accept your verdict, but I profoundly disagree with it!"

The attempt at outrage was proved to have been unsuccessful.

A theory put forward by the police at one time was that the body had lain on a culvert (about 15 yards up stream from where it was found for the six weeks before it was discovered. But this idea was contradicted by the facts.

The culvert was infested with rats. These rats might account for the missing clothes, but why shouldn't they tug the shoes, stockings or corset? Or the body? None of these showed any signs of being gnawed by rats. And the body was badly decomposed. If it had been washed down a rocky stream in the state it was found, it must have been knashed to pieces.

It is not difficult to reconstruct what happened. Mrs. had only one intention when she went out to put her letters. She did so, then accidentally met some man—some man she knew fairly well. It was man-

ing hard. To go for a walk in the rain would have been foolish, but perhaps his house or some other shelter was nearby. They went there. What happened there is known to only one man—and he has never spoken out to be likely to speak.

But, if the doctor was right, there was a wild struggle. Suddenly the girl collapsed on the man's arms—and he found she was dead!

What happened next? Perhaps he had an intention of committing suicide, but he had a dead body on his hands. After his first mad panic, which had knocked all thoughts of sex from his mind, he thought furiously. He must find a place to hide the body. This might have been in his own house or mine or. Probably the next day he placed the corpse in something for the evening girl, leading them away from the real hiding place. But, as time went on, the decomposition of the body set up a new danger. Someone would be sure to smell it soon. He must get rid of it—far from a spot which might point to him.

Despite his revulsion, he must have brushed up the body that night and gone to seek a place to dump it. He would have to carry it far. And that's where we came in!



The man-killer's grim exterior hid a strange streak of softness



BEHIND THE MAULER'S MASK

SYDNEY GEORGE BREET

THE man lying in the hospital bed looked worn-out, and he was sick, but the most start-tinged visitor would not have suggested that he was ill-fated. His gaze was straight and the pupils of his eyes were small and sharp.

"You go ahead with this fight, Jack," he said. "When we get finished here, we'll go back up north and you can start training again."

His voice was pleading. "You will fight again, won't you, Jack?" The man slumped against the bed was deadly serious. "Sure I'll fight again, Tex."

The sick man smiled. "Sure," he said. "Sure you will."

They really were friends, these two. One was a promoter who had counted piles of dollars from a profitable Mr. and Mrs. Aronson with a technique that any income tax department might study with profit. He was the man in bed. His surname was Richard. He was the fabulous Tex. Of course, the other fellow was William Harrison Dempsey—Jack, to you-heavyweight boxing ex-champion de horn.

That was why back in 1928 Richard had gone to Miami to organize a fight between Jack Sharkey and Young Stribling. Gene Tunney, having taken the heavyweight title from Dempsey, beat New Zealander Tex

Herring and retired. Sharkey and Stribling were leading contenders for the vacant championship belt. Tex had just begun his domination of the bout when he went down with an appendicitis attack. Dempsey, who had come from New York in answer to Richard's call, knew that Tex was going to die. But Tex didn't guess. He recovered that he would be up and around in a week or two.

Richard had never believed that Tunney could beat Dempsey — not the Dempsey that Tex Richard knew. Even after he had seen "The Man-ness Mauler" beaten twice by the young marine, he was unconvinced. He wanted to make a third match. It was Dempsey who declined. The American, fighting machine was by then only a prize-fighting memory. Luxury living and a glamorous wife had dulled both his ferocity and resilience.

"No fight," he said. "I don't want him to punch me around the eyes again. I don't want to go blind. What good is money if you're blind?" It had been the decision of a man whose experience had not been wasted.

Now Jack was standing beside the gasp-bed of his pal. "Sure I'll fight again, Tex," he promised, and Richard's face lit up with a smile. The promise was it all. Another million dollar prize and Jack Dempsey standing there in red-ring, again smiling in victory.

Three days later they told Jack Dempsey that Tex Richard was going. The machine and the marine left the room, and the world's toughest pug took his friend's hand. Richard was unconscious. A little while later he died. Dempsey walked down the corridor. He seemed very tired.

He had told Tex he would fight again. It was a lie, but he figured that Tex had died happy—satisfied

that his friend was about to knock him way back to the top of the heavyweight list again.

He remembered the fight with the Frenchman Corporator. Richard had been excited that afternoon. "Look at that crowd, Jack!" (The announcer had talked back his name but he spoke.) "It's the first million dollar prize!"

Later he had come to Dempsey in the dressing room. "Yes, sir, they is the first million dollar crowd, Jack! but let me tell you something. This Corporator is a nice fellow, but he can't fight. I could look him myself. So I want you to be careful and not kill him. I'm not asking you to pull any punches. But be careful and don't kill the Frenchman. I mean that, Jack. If you kill him, boxing will be dead. Just take it easy and knock him out when you get ready. If everything goes all right, this thing will go on." Everything went all right and it did go on.

Earlier there had been the Willard fight, Dempsey's first match for Richard.

It was after Richard had watched his stone-faced charge better the guest Willard into a hospital bunk in three rounds that he became convinced that Dempsey was the greatest fighter who ever lived. For all his life he believed so. It was the faith of promoter Richard that subscribed most of all to the charge from Bill M. Dempsey, freight-seeing hero and, then, to Commander Dempsey, of the U.S. Coast Guard, successful night-club owner and a leading American citizen.

American journalist, Jim Tully, described Dempsey, the physical being, way back in 1928. "His forehead sloped," wrote Tully. "His ears are close to his head. Since the mauling was always too severe in close to Dempsey, they are not distorted as

GOOD OLD U.S.A. Officials of the South-Western Bell Telephone Company learnt that there had never been a telephone in Telephone, Texas. The company had a special line to the township. In the same vein, a 10-year-old couple in Syracuse received a \$1 dollar refund check for income tax. They returned the cheque to the tax people, explaining they couldn't accept it "because they were so thankful to be able to keep on working."

see the average brainer? His eyes are small, vivid, red and quick out of the ring. Inside the ropes they alert, snake-like, into a steady stare. His body springs upward as he walks. His muscles are loose, without bulk. Like the tiger, he is not muscle-bound."

That was the Dempsey who couldn't set foot in a public place without men, women and children nodding with other and whispering and pointing. He was Dempsey the celebrity, but it is doubtful if he has seen the good days of sleepless days on good trains and the days of mouthful meals and no punches landed in the fight to keep alive.

The crowned Dempsey was a different character. It has been written of him that "in conversation he never directly challenges a statement." One of his most popular conversational phrases is, "You might be right." Another is, "I don't know about that." The crowned Dempsey accepted the new world to which he

harrowing life opened into a path. A woman wrote of him, "His love, laughter, poetry, name, the blare of the band, the clatter of a metronome, the touch of women. Long trained in selfish willing, he does not clearly men and women according to their merits."

In his young days the blood of mixed extraction. There is Irish, Irish, Scotch and Jewish, and the mixture has given him an unusual tolerance for the persecution of mankind. When speakers came to tell him of Gene Tunney's love of Shakespeare, the Missouri Mauler just smiled. "The old boy's all right if he helps Gene's racket," was his only comment.

He is completely free of racial prejudice and always has been. During the first World War he struggled with his problem for weeks before deciding that he was not satisfied to talk doing for a cause which was too complicated for clear understanding. His decision did not help to endear him to the hearts of his fellow Americans, but their plea did not give him any anti-racial reactions.

He has handled a colossal sum of money since his income. It is claimed the total would approximate \$3,000,000 dollars. Of that amount it is agreed that local practitioners received at least a million, while one woman relieved him of another million. Nobody has ever seen or heard him act bitterly towards either.

For years Jack Dempsey has been ready to pass out a handful of dollars to friend or relative who has a hard luck tale to tell, but as a business deal he can be as tough as a successful money-broker. On at least one occasion he refused to stop without a guarantee of \$,000 dollars—and when he couldn't come sufficient cash customers to meet his financial requirement he called for

the coin of the money-in advance.

It was like his dealings with his horse. He would play with a dog at home, and he would be as gentle as a mother with her baby—outside the ring. Once he climbed through the ropes, he was all fighter and one hundred per cent average. Training for the Fugo fight, he swarmed all over a sparring partner who was much too old for the job. Dempsey beat him to the ground and he stood down, without moving. That's too bad, Jack," said an onlooker, looking sorry for the old fellow.

The champion smiled. "That's too bad," he retorted. "When you get between the ropes you're supposed to take it."

When rugged, pocket-conditioned Dempsey found that Miss Emma Estelle Taylor seemed to like him, he was amazed, he was satisfied that he had found heaven on earth. The famous (and outrageous) writer who was out at the front rank of the glamour girls. They married, and Dempsey entered a new life which must have reared every wedge of his inherited boxer's gloominess.

The unmarriageable Estelle organized a household that made Miss Emily Post's unbridled advice to the young housewife read like a description of house wrecking.

Their bedroom was a delicate affair of silk and lavender, there were embroidered cushions and embroidered pillow slits.

Estelle also had her own ideas of what was best for her "in-laws." "After all the hardships Jack has endured, I want him to have comfortable and moving surroundings," she wrote to a friend. "He has had enough of the hard side. I love him to have little dogs around—it will soften the cruelty shown to him; also I want him to be warmish, to be able to do many things."

Unfortunately, she was not almost likely kinder to her friends.

In 1914, Dempsey had met an Irishman who knew all that there was to be known about the fight game. He was Jack Kearns. He became Dempsey's mentor on a ball and ball team, and the combination paid dividends all around. The two men seemed written contracts—there was a professional's agreement.

When Estelle Taylor entered Dempsey's life, Kearns was vehemently antagonistic. The lady's attitude was openly resented. When she married her Dempsey she removed him entirely from Kearns' influence and took over the manager's duties.

The champion was no match for his wife. He declared the Kearns was a great fighter. "You see I'm married now. A fifty-fifty split with Kearns is too much. I must look after my wife," he explained.

At the time, in better times was earning about \$8,000 dollars a year as a main star.

Which was when the worried, worried, miserable Dempsey sought Tunney for the last time—and lost his title. It was after that fight that he stumbled into his apartment with his face battered beyond recognition. Estelle stared and turned pale. "My God! What happened?" she gasped.

"Sleepy, I forgot to duck," the sleeping soundly through swollen, bruised lips. His statement appeared in the Press throughout the world, to prove that the man-eating, slug-pug, fighting machine was human after all.

Jack Dempsey, ex-champion of the world, soon lost his pretty scheme, but Estelle's cut-off husband was adopted overnight by millions of American fanatics. To most Americans he is still "Champ"—even though he "forgot to duck."

THE END OF

Arguments



What Do You Mean by "The Bloom on the Chocolate"?

No, you wretch, it doesn't mean that curium something about a wench. Think again. Have you not wondered about that fine white film which sometimes forms on the surface of chocolate, especially after a heat-wave. This film is *cosmopolitan* (that has run to the nucleus during the heat and crystallized there, Chocolate makers refer to it latterly as "the bloom." The cause is partly improper "tempering" of the chocolate, with insufficient cocoa-butter in the first place. However, "the bloom" is a natural ingredient of the chocolate, involves no chemical change, and is completely harmless.

What Mountain Range is Still Breathing?

The Himalayas. The latest episode in the crumpling of the earth's crust which has produced the highest and most extensive mountain ranges on the earth occurred lately with a heavy earthquake in Assam. The last folding and up-lifting of the Himalayan ranges took place about 80 million years ago, but has gone on intermittently since. Recent geologic studies of the north-western part of the Himalayas give evidence of large-scale up-lifts of recent date. The uplift of the ranges relative to adjacent lower-lying approaches (and in some cases exceeds) 10,000 feet—two miles. Evidence of the greatest

relative uplift was between the Eas Snow Mountain (elevation between 21,000 and 21,500 feet) and the Lokus basin (1,000 feet).

Is the Horse on the Way Out?

Yes . . . in the United States at least, from all records. According to the U.S. Bureau of Agricultural Economics for the Department of Agriculture, there are fewer than 1,000,000 horses in the country. For the year 1940, these figures show a decline of 7 per cent in horses and six per cent in the number of mules. The peak in the number of horses was 11,420,000 (reached in 1931). In 1925 there were still 10,000,000 horses on farms. On these figures, both horses and mules must eventually disappear. (N.B.) Comparative figures for Australia are not available—perhaps to maintain the reputation of the outback?)

How old is a "Crown Piece"?

The first "Crown" (now 5/-) Piece was struck 80 years ago by the Protector Northumberland in the name of King Edward VI of Britain. Last year's Festival of Britain gave double identity to the King's Warrant for a new five-shilling piece of his own. Moreover, for the first time since the gold sovereign went out of circulation in 1815, the St. George and the Dragon device (introduced by Elizabeth) returned to the obverse.



LOVELIES
AREN'T
ALWAYS
LIVELY



When the spot-lights flash and the music swells, the Lovelies of show business are left on their toes to please for the edification of the cash purveyor, who have been known to gibber that it's wonderful. But even though they have not yet achieved personal motion, between shows, they let their hair down, wring their aprons for what keeps you!—and relax. This damsel, for example, settles down to shake no mean writing-needle. (And, just between us, we must say we approve of her stance.)





Others, of course, prefer a less sedate scene — but don't get the wrong idea — this isn't anything as innocent or even a short summary of Reaffirm's rules — these reporters aren't tearing their play-mate limb from limb; they're just running her through "a back-stage massage". They claim that it helps her glide more easily across the floor. We'll take their word for it.

But wenchies will be wenchies — whether you will or not — and there's nothing as relaxing for most of them as a little light matter. And who can blame them? After all, there's no going like wench-gone — and the "oh-but-you-won't-tell-anyone-else-will-you?" seems to be being utilized. By the way, these babes belong to the Florentine Gardens in Hollywood, but it's the same back-stage most anywhere.

KING of the CON-MEN



WALKER HENRY

Charles Price in his time had learned more than most con-men ever dream of.

WHEN, in 1788, the windows of Tottenham Fields Prison found themselves peeping at a inmate, dangling from a gallows, the attorney of London heaved a spontaneous sigh of relief.

Charles Price . . . the classic example to inspire all good con-men . . . was dead. But not before he had deprived a well-known collection of neo-trafficking leeches of more than £200,000.

Charles was only 22 when he pulled off his first coup. The unfortunate Price Senator happened to be an old-fashioned dealer. Young Charles easily deduced that, if he purchased a few

garments or so from his parents' stock, they would never be missed.

Charles, therefore, chose a selectively-tailored suit; ripped off the gold lace; and bore his goods to a Jewish bookbinder.

It can have been only sheer naivete that led him that the Jew should then stoop to purchase hot-toss in Price Senator to reveal the impostor . . . at the right price, of course.

Young Charles had cautiously worn his brother's clothes when he visited the Jew. His brother—presumably struck too speechless by figured innocence to argue—naturally set all the blame

Charles resounded by seeing still another set of clothes from his father, despoiling himself and selling the garb. The shock was too much for Price Senator. He dropped dead.

Charles emphasized his craft by declining from idleness and rising up as a brewer (how modern it all sounded). At least, he wished to set up as a brewer . . . but he lacked funds. To Charles, this was a mere possibility.

A notice appeared in the public press: **WANTED**. A partner of character, probity and extensive acquaintance . . . Fifty per cent. without risk . . . Must possess capital between £500 and £1000 . . . P.S. None but principals, and those of liberal ideas will be treated with.

It was something for the first artist's lack of business acumen that a member of the *Financial* profession should recognize this as his cue. More than his, Samuel Peck . . . "the celebrated caretaker" . . . stepped forward to donate £500. Charles happily accepted the donation and just as happily vanished.

In London again he declared for business as usual. Dressing himself in high-backed shoes and a tight suit (which made him look about two feet taller than he was), he employed a companion village idiot, appropriately christened *Samson*, as his "personal servant" and headed out as one of the most skillful forgers in current history.

The marriage *Samson* had already disposed of more than £1000 worth of Charles's worthless paper when the army had himself arrested. It will come no surprise to report that *Samson* got 22 months' hard. Charles Price got away scot-free. He was not heard of again until 1812.

Even then four years were to pass before he slipped. It was a slow case of venturing untried man overboard.

Charles, it seems, conceived the bright idea of making a stolen run of London's *Bar* *Samson*. He came pouring into a London importer and exporter's office, eager with news. While in Holland (Charles misheard the appalled merchant) he had been made the owner of evil islands. The merchant's agent had been robbed of £2000 by a Mr. Trevor, and wanted it back . . . but that Charles added considerably that he was acquainted with Mr Trevor and provided a detailed description.

Now, strangely enough, the very next day, the merchant encountered a man who exactly fitted Mr Trevor's description. With all the native cunning of a born city slicker, the merchant accosted the stranger and invited him to dinner. There, the merchant started his guest by changing him with the friend. The guest admitted his guilt and offered to pay £200 (on account). To prove his bona fides, the guest produced a £1000 banknote and asked for change. The merchant handed him a cheque for £200.

And please don't shrink at now. You were right the first time. Yes, the banknote was a forgery . . . and Mr Trevor was Mr Price (disguised).

Mr. Price was too delighted with his exploit to even to flee.

For once, however, Charles was caught napping. He was still snug in his lodgings when the grandmaster pointed on him. A political branch of Justice expeditiously sentenced him to death.

But Charles refused to atone. In the condemned cell, he hanged himself with his neck cloth. The date was January 22. Included in his estate (the probate) were two articles: a name, 75 separate volumes (useful for all ages) and two engraved plates for forging £1000 notes.

Crime Capsules



ALL WOMEN . . . Snag in a London alleyway, Charles Haines was early hailing his gal friend a warm good-morning when a police whistle whirled and a fatuous figure came darting through the darkness. Gallantly dismounted his gal friend, the public-spirited Mr. Haines took a brief tackle of the suspicious fugitive. Subsequently, he was fined £2 for 'obstruction.' Mr. Haines had over-run a Scotland Yard plain clothes man in the execution of his duty. Even more disheartened, however, was Harry Cole, of Fitchburg, Massachusetts (U.S.). When an over-eager punkie was K.O.'d outside Harry's house, Harry arrested the victim to come in for medical treatment. The punkie immediately slapped Harry and departed with five dollars from his coat's wallet.

G-E-N-E-R-A-L . . . With a change, straightening nose, Radio Station WFL, of Winter Haven, Florida (U.S.), suddenly went off the air for 25 minutes recently. Later, a slightly distraught voice—announcing itself as Announcer Dick Martin—quivered back onto the airways to report that, earlier, a member, *WFL* listener had appeared in the studio, grasped Announcer Dick tightly by the larynx, half-choked the arm of Chief Engineer Cedon Crick, and exclaimed loudly, "I have a message to deliver to the world!" With some subtlety, Dick and Cedon

lured their unruly Guest Of The Night into a spare studio and allowed him to shout into a dead microphone. Later, Sheriff Hagan Forsyth declared that the out-mad, would-be punkist was Harold Salton . . . former inmate of a nearby insane asylum.

WORLDLESS COLLAGE . . . When Marvin E. Helvers, associate of a hushy company in North Little Rock, Arkansas (U.S.) opened his office one morning, he found suspended from the side knob a note which read: "Dead pale—we couldn't get in."

THE TENDER TOUCH . . . Mrs. Betty Cline, 41-year-old housewife of Kentucky (U.S.), suing for divorce, testified that her husband had just before died of being married and had abandoned her. "But," she made haste to assure the judge, "my husband was always a perfect gentleman." And even more shocked was Los Angeles architect, Herman T. Schurmann. Only after his funeral did Herman's transient driverless that he was a bigamist. Further complications ensued when both his wives appeared to claim the body, each insisting: "He was a wonderful husband!"

SILENT SERVICE . . .

In Fenton (U.S.), after a street argument in city language, three deaf-mutes were headed off to court on a charge of "trading and traveling."

• Opposite: Study by Jack Howard





KARADIN'S PUPPET

WHAT STRANGE POWER FORCED
"HIGHNESS" TO DANCE TO THE
TUNE THE MONSTER PLAYED?

18 CAVALCADE, January, 1952

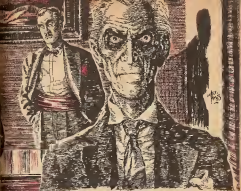
I HAD turned in my copy for the shop, for this odd setting, and was having a quiet drink in the white bar at the Astorial Club in Colfax Street when I noticed this character.

I had a vague feeling that I had seen him before, but was unable to place him. Catching my eye, he seemed to hesitate, then he picked up his glass and came around to me.

"Excuse me," he said, and his voice carried a soft foreign inflection. "You are of the Firm. Perhaps you would be interested in buying a story?"

I hesitated. "Listen, friend, my trouble is selling stories."

He looked at me steadily. "You



feared things had reduced him to
the corpse-like parody of a human.

A. V. FISKE

■ FICTION

Don't I waste your time, eh? Listen. You heard of Karadin? The one they called King of the Underworld? I wanted far less, I tell you all about him. I need ten pounds. I got to get out of this place. What you say?" He had his palm flat on the bar and waited.

I said "You got Edgar Wallace. Go ahead, tell your story. If it's any good I'll give you two pounds."

"Two pounds?" he shrugged. "What is two pounds? Bah! All right. For two pounds I tell you about Karadin's puppet and the string that broke."

No one here my congenial knew where Karadin's Puppet came from

or what his proper name was. Karadin always called him "Highness," sort of mockingly.

He was old—maybe sixty, maybe eighty, who knows?—and thin. So thin he looked as though he had been skinned, all his flesh scraped off him, and the skin replaced. His black clothes hung on him like ornaments on a dressroom pupa, and his face above them was dead-white like the face of a corpse.

Only the eyes lived, and they seemed to be vital only with hatred. I think it was only hatred for Karadin that kept him alive, for I never saw him eat.

It was a hapless, helpless sort of hatred that seemed to feed and thrive

CAVALCADE, January, 1952 19

**AN APPALLING EXAMPLE
OF THE PITFALLS
OF INFANT INNOCENCE**

Pappa on a ladder brushing paint upon a wall.
From the ladder Pappa hanging honey fast.
In the bed-room Myrna hearing little Tommy repeat.
Rushing to her offspring, making Pappa mad.
"Stop your crying, Tommy! You should laugh at him, your dad!"
"Nerts to you!" — (Tom's better sob!) — "That's exactly what I did!"
—JAY-PAT

on his own experience, Karadeni knew—and he loved to tease Highness about it.

What horrors had reduced Highness to the thing he was no one knew, nor what the hold Karadeni had over him. That he had some hold was obvious. He had something on all of us who worked for him—Kurt, the way-warden, Bedlama, who had not a woman's threat in Ephraim myself, who . . . well, no matter.

When Karadeni first appeared in Helibeyri's underworld, Highness appeared with him; a black, crow-like figure who changed no what during his master's rapid climb to power. Wherever the shabby figure of Karadeni appeared, there was always Highness at hand. It was "My coat, Highness," or "Bring some Highness," or "Look my boots, Highness!" And whatever the request, there was always the same elegant, seamless obedience.

Some said that Highness was a Central European prince whose son or daughter Karadeni had hooked.

Karadeni himself claimed descent from Bela Khan, the Red Scourge

of Hungary, and it is easy to believe, for his ruthlessness and brutal cruelty were something new in Anatolian crime circles.

He was something foul out of an older world.

He came here penniless and alone save for Highness, and during the war years cleared his way to the top of an organization the complete scope of which the police do not guess even now. Dope, where-dorey, military information, the black market—any seeing that paid off was Karadeni's.

But the things in which he took a personal pride and joy were his rambling houses. Not ordinary, fancy way schools or tavern shops, but the real thing. Big old mansions dotted out with such beauty as might almost have proved the palace of the Caesars. And they had borne the "Thurs" for city sophistication.

It was nice to be wealthy . . . sophisticated.

And always at Karadeni's side flitted the black shadow that was Highness. Highness the last-thought, Highness the apoplexy, waiting, waiting.

After the war, and the wild boom that followed, the work began to run out for Karadeni. He knew as he knew that the old protection order was coming back; and he made his plans accordingly. He had information—not hard to get if you paid for it—that his latest "house" was to be raided. He gathered an all into his office and laid as it was finished, and then he told us his plan.

It was simple enough: a pale night, a packed horse. There would be a hold-up, that would not thousands; it would be Karadeni's final bang in the country.

After the talk with Karadeni, the next with the pale-blue eyes went out I went out to a little coffee shop, kept for a countryman of mine. There,

for the first time since I had worked for Karadeni, I saw Highness alone. He sat in a tiny stove, slumped straight before him, a cup of black coffee at his elbow. I slid into a vacant booth, half drew the curtain and watched.

A few minutes passed, then a stranger entered. He bore the pallid marks of the prison—or perhaps the concentration camp, but he had about him a military carriage and an air of "down you" that I had often seen among a certain caste in the old country many years ago.

When he saw Highness, he started to leap and almost ran towards him. I heard him say "Highness . . . Oh, Highness . . ."

But there was in the little no front of the man I had been used to. Rather was there deep humility, almost reverence.

I caught the words "Cagyl—you he—daddy . . . many years," and once the name "Belma . . ." Then the stranger drew the curtain.

Later I told Kurt about it. He shrugged. "Let Karadeni worry," he said. "Highness is his puppet; let him pull the strings. Meanwhile, there's much to do. It is tonight."

"Tonight?" I was surprised.

At ten o'clock the guests began to arrive. So many guests, so much wealth.

I looked around. Karadeni was sitting among the guests like a vulture hovering over its prey, but the black shadow was missing. Bedlama was absent. "No shadow at tonight's feast," he murmured, and smiled away to lose the heart of a new arrival.

More people began to come in, and I was caught up in the whirl of conversation. I wish you could have seen that place. It was magnificent. It made me sick!

The guests were enjoying themselves. It was exciting, it was illegal

they were seeing life. Life? Well? Sleep? What did they know of life?

Midnight approached. In Karadeni's office we waited for the hour. We drank wine, smoked opium and talked of this and that. But that we were nervous. No, it was a long time since any of us had been nervous. Karadeni was in one of his expansive moods and was telling us some gossamer story, I forget what it was. He broke off as the door opened.

It was Highness. He shuffled across the luxurious carpet and stood with bowed head before Karadeni. It was not until he moved his hand that we caught the gleam of the automatic in it.

Karadeni's jaw dropped. The eyes fell down his fingers. He looked as though a piston off the wall had struck and spoken to him. He wink. "Highness . . ." His voice trailed off on a dying note.

Karadeni stared desperate eyes on each of us in turn. Bedlama ground his teeth. Kurt flicked the ash from his cigar and smiled. "Here is your puppet, Karadeni," he said. "Pull the string."

Highness did not look at any of us. Perhaps he knew that no one would lift a hand to help Karadeni. Perhaps he didn't care. He raised his head, and the hand was gone from his eyes. There was nothing there, only a vacant look.

The gun pointed to the carpet, but it was firmly held in a claw-like hand. Highness looked at Karadeni and his voice came. It was like the croaking of rusty hinges, long unused, like the grating of metal it was.

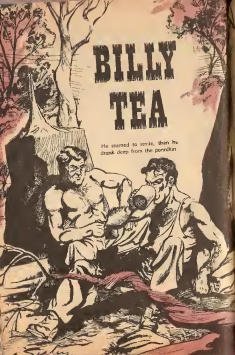
He said, "Cagyl . . . my son Cagyl for whose life I was hostage, is dead . . . in the hall of Belma."

The strong in laughter, Karadeni.

And he passed the words of the gun.

BILLY TEA

He started to smile, then he
drank deep from the porcelain



JAMES PRESTON • FICTION

FOR the third time since they had started work that morning Steve Lawson wiped his sun-baked eyes with the dusty lap of his workman's apron, his hand hands and wondered what the man he worked with

Tony—that wasn't his name, but it was ready, easier for the men at the timber camp to pronounce—had slipped from a truck at the camp the previous day and as his guest, but good English, had asked for the last he seemed to be the spokesman for the gang. Now Australians the workmen had sent up to the camp. The timber men, tough as the trees they felled, and quick to judge the character of a man, had looked at each other, raised their eyebrows expressively and said little. Many of them had thought "were there"—some of their mates had died there.

The following morning the boss had brought Tony over to Steve and said: "This chap's done a lot of cutting. Take him along with you and show him the ropes."

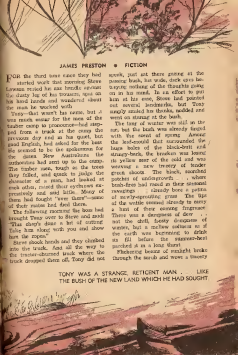
Steve shook heads and they climbed into the truck. And all the way to the tractor-churned track where the truck dropped them off, Tony did not

speak, just sat there staring at the passing bush, his wide, dark eyes busy saying nothing of the thoughts rising on his mind. In an effort to get him at his ease, Steve had pointed out several landmarks, but Tony simply smiled his thanks, nodded and went on staring at the bush.

The last of winter was still in the air, but the bush was already tinged with the scent of spring. Among the leaf-mould that surrounded the huge holes of the black-bellied and stringy-bark, the brook was lined in yellow moss of the gold and was weaving a new tawdry of tender green shoots. The black, scorched patches of undergrowth . . . where bush-fire had raged in their seasonal ravages . . . already bore a pattern of newly-sprouting grass. The tips of the wattle seemed already to carry a hint of their coming fragrance. There was a darkness of dew . . . not the chill, frosty darkness of winter, but a mellow darkness so soft the earth was beginning to drink its fill before the summer-heat parched it in a long thirst.

Flashing beams of sunlight broke through the scrub and threw a twenty

TONY WAS A STRANGE, RETICENT MAN . . . LIKE
THE BUSH OF THE NEW LAND WHICH HE HAD SOUGHT.



WHAT'S IN A NAME? More than you'd expect, apparently. At least a hot-headed girl in Monte's East Side, a New York restaurant is named Mary Brick, while not to be beaten, a Hollywood model is known as Allison Wonderland. In San Antonio, Texas, there's a Doctor Pam and in Los Angeles, a western obstetrician (who has just retired) is named Dr. Victor Stark. Which probably explains why a baby born prematurely in New York was named O. Marsh. But our records still reveal Mr. Herman Willflower. Mr. Willflower is a pupal in the La Fille dancing studio.

of waving light and shade. From the hidden corners arise a myriad rustling, a dim murmuring . . . a whisper of ground that sometimes shaped itself about into a woody banyan on one stroke and then slowly like a bell and more where in the distance a kachaball leaped casually

Tony glanced up and saw Steve watching him. He looked embarrassed and swung his eye up quickly.

"Take it easy, Tony," Steve told him. "You don't want to knock yourself out for the first half of it."

Tony said, "Thank you," and went on working the case.

Steve designed and slowly rolled cigarettes "Bombs" he asked, offering the other his package.

They shook his head. "No thank you. I do not smoke."

He wasn't a big man and the flesh still hadn't covered his ribs properly. Used to picking others by the waist-side of the tree he worked with, Steve found himself thinking that some good food and healthy outdoor work would do Tony a lot of good. What was going on behind these doors was he did not know, but he guessed.

shrewdly that the season of suffering
was still raw. And penetrating that
word of reserve was going to be some-
thing.

They were very silent with streamers, these men . . . and it wasn't nearly a strange language that changed their tongue. It was as if they feared to put their throats into words . . . as if they all had words which must not be spoken for fear speech would reveal something that they were working with all their hearts to forget.

Steve waded the stream from his hands and gripped the smooth handle of his net. The next Tony had cut on his side of the tree was deep enough for the net, and a few quick strokes from Steve's legs blanketed another deep notch on his side. He laid his net on the bottom and gripped the end of the line that Tony passed to him. Their meeting took away in waves with the net, the worked on.

"Show him the ropes," the boss had told Steve. But, after an hour or so of steady work, he realized that there was little he could teach Tony.

The new jet dived into the heart of the tree, while several spotted

from the ends of the cut as it went back and forth. They stopped sawing while Steve drove a couple of wedges into the cut to ease the pressure on the saw, then they took up the rhythm again. For a long time neither of them spoke.

A sharp, steamed cracking came from deep inside the tree and a tremor ran up the trunk. Steve said: "All right. Gosh your son," and spreading down the boards to the ground, Terry slumped down, hands hewn and their steel wedging in the tree, swamped still more, and a few leaves fluttered to the ground. Then, suddenly the tree came down, a rushing swirl of sound, ending in a dull crash. Leaves, left behind on the rock, drifted down over the fallen trunk like green snow.

The long jaws of the tree rolled and groined with a shuddering clatter of breaking twigs. It seemed that some huge prehistoric monster—sought up at last by the fatality of time—had surrendered to its processes and had bent only to die.

There was something pitifully helpless — something despairing — about the prison beds. All the former pride and luxury were lost — and not even by the exigency of some lightning-falling trumpet, but by the hands of puny men.

It's a damn shame to kill them,' Steve muttered, and Tony looked at him quizzically.

'Why do you say that?' he asked. Steve shrugged. 'I don't know. I just gets you deep inside sometimes. You can't work in the bush all your life and not feel something of Cies' way.'

A new expression crept across Tony's face as he fastidiously spun Slater's customized profile. "You read a lot, was?" he asked.

"A few left," Stone admitted. "Let

Steve picked up the saw and he and I together they walked to the next tree with the blaze on its bark. Quickly they cut notches for the boards and took up their positions. The sun climbed back overhead.

At midday Steve took the writer from a porch on his belt and looked at the tree. He smiled his introduction. It was ten to twelve. No, had to demand.

'All right. Take a spell and we'll get 'em used.

Tony instantly placed his arm against the base of the tree and slumped down, waiting for Steve. He looked up, saw Steve watching and turned away quickly. And, going through Steve's mind was the thought that many years of discipline lay behind that instant reaction to his words.

They walked over to the shade of a clump of pines and placed their lunch bags on a log. Tony opened his bag and began to eat, quickly. Steve's eyes narrowed.

"Just take it easy for a while and I'll make a brew of tea," he said. "There's no hurry."

They stopped eating, his mouth full and a sandwich held in his right hand. "Yes?" he said.

The Ever-unsated belly too!

They shook her head and word of
water, slowly, one time

Steve filled the belly from the watering and grabbed a few live worms. He shuddered some back and not a match to it. It began to blow the flames metallic in the strong orange light. He poked on a few larger snails and red flames looked about the hills. When a bird burst down to eat but glow he picked up the belly, scraped a nest in the heart of the fire and set the hills down carefully.

about the belly, then Steve sat back on his heels, a slight smile of satisfaction on his face. He reached out, broke off a green twig, stripped the leaves from it and laid it across the top of the belly. He caught Tony watching him, the frown on his face.

"Steep the water from getting soaked," he said.

Tony had stopped eating and sat with his hands resting on his knees. At intervals one of them would be lifted to brush a fly from his face, but, apart from that, he sat without movement, his dark eyes fixed on the fire.

But Steve knew that he did not see the fire, or if he did he saw only the flames burning merrily. He glanced at the other from under his eyebrows and did not like what he saw. This was something he had never seen before, something he didn't quite understand. He was used to working with other Australians, men who

talked and were silent, who swore and laughed as the work took them. Men who carried the bush yet loved it, rarely coming back to die in it. He had never worked with a man who had drawn an automobile wheel over his eyes and the suffering there, who spoke briefly, yet was persistently anxious to please.

The water in the belly began to bubble at the edges and Steve took the little tin of tea from his lunch box. He tipped a pinch of the dry grains into the palm of his hand and stirred, his grey eyes intent on the water.

The bubbles spread to the edges and across the center of the disturbed water. It moved restlessly for a few moments, then began to bubble in long, swirling ridges. Steve opened his fingers and the tea dropped into the seething water. For an instant the turmoil stopped, only to go on again with renewed vigor. He

waited for a few seconds, then lifted the belly from the fire, his hand fingers hardly registering the heat of the wet handle. He smiled up at Tony, broke a leaf from the gum shrub beside him and stirred the tea with it several times before carrying the belly of steaming tea over to the log and opening his lunch.

"You make tea strongly," Tony said.

A sandwich halfway to his mouth, Steve said "I wouldn't say that, it's the only way to make real tea."

"It is the Australian way, just?"

Steve bit into his sandwich and chewed thoughtfully for a while. "I suppose it is when you think of it."

"But surely the gum leaf must spoil it?"

A slow smile spread from Steve's eyes to his mouth. He looked at Tony. "You can answer that when you taste it," he said. "Here. She should be drawn now." He took an ass's head

from his bag and filled it from the belly, adding milk from a bottle and sugar from a jar. He stirred it and handed it to Tony.

Tony smiled, shook his head, and said, "No thank you. It is past dinner."

Steve grinned. "Go on, take it," he urged. "I brought two bags."

Tony took the ass's head and Steve saw the red spots on his white hands. By the time he had finished the day, he thought, there would be blisters on those hands. He waited especially as Tony sipped the tea.

"Well?" he asked.

Tony nodded. "It is very good. I would like you to teach me to make tea like that."

Steve smiled his pleasure and stirred the deal with the toe of his boot. "I suppose it's not as easy as it looks," he said.

"I would say it is an art—an Australian art," Tony said.



TINY TWITTERINGS ON THE SURGEY OF TOTALITARISM

There was a young man who
said: "Damn,
At last I know what I am,
I'm a creature who moves
In predictable grooves—
I've not even a hat;
I'm a Tumb."

—That Hamilton poet, ANON,
Writes A Liquid Lament on
His Loss.

Steve chewed thoughtfully, looking
away across the valley to the hills
beyond. A night breeze stirred the
dry leaves of the eucalypts. A beetle
flapped heavily on to his lunch paper
and he pecked at it up carefully to place
it on the bar beside him.

"It is when you think of it," he said
at last. "Can't say I've ever tested
an idea we make in the bath-balls
tea. It's got something different about
it. It's . . . well . . ."

"Australians," Tony said quietly.
Steve looked surprised. "That's
right," he said.

Tony smiled, and it was like the sun
through the eucalypts. "You sound
surprised," he said. "But it is true.
You wouldn't see it as I do—a stranger
in your land."

Steve still looked thoughtful as he
turned the words over in his mind.
Being so close to the beach and its
waves he saw nothing strange about
billy tea.

Half the tea remained in Tony's
mug when he said, "We must seem
a stranger people to you."

"That's all right, Tony. I under-
stand," Steve told him.

Tony nodded, that thoughtful and
so characteristic of him. "All you
Australians say that," he said quietly.
"You do not ask questions. But we
are a better people. Most of us are
welcome from an alien you Aus-
tralians have never known. We still
remember that four of the six cham-
ber-ch took my grandfather, my
parents and my sister. For years I
lived in constant dread of it. I came
here to forget, but one cannot forget
these things so easily."

"You don't have to talk about it,
Tony," Steve said. "The hotel'll help
you, you see."

"The hotel, and even the you."
"I've done nothing."

"You didn't mean to, but you have.
When I came back there was hate still
in my heart, hatred of all that seemed
so deeply into my memory. You see,
I haven't always been a timber
worker."

"I could see that by your hands."

Tony nodded slightly. "But you
never questioned me. You took me
as I was to teach me the ways of the
beach. That is why I have to thank
you. When you handed me them"—he
lifted the mug of tea—"you gave me
part of Australia."

Steve shrugged his bare shoulders
and thoughtfully poured himself
another drink of tea. He looked down
into the mug, watching a few tea
leaves swirling round with the motion
of the spoon. What he saw seemed
to please him, because he smiled and
looked up at Tony.

"Have another cup," he said.

Tony smiled back at him and held
out the steamed, dripped creamed mug.
He nodded.

"The tea," he said, "is very good."



"Better start the whole chapter over."

'SWITCH WITCH'

DIALLED BY GIBSON

What with them getting married, leaving for other positions, going on holidays, etc., our switch operator seems to look awfully like this:



There's the beauty who has everything except the right number when you want it.

Some of them get your number right from the word go.



It is amazing how some specimens can hold a conversation over the wire with two boyfriends, bowl out the office boy, make passes at a caller, chew gum, and not get more than four urgent calls mixed up all at the same time.

Of course, there's the very efficient number who can work a switch-board, who are so interested in her except the boss and he's always too busy to see her.



Switch girls are girls who work switches and brooks. How some of them can switch!

STRANGER and Stranger



WINGS OF YOUTH . . . A 22-year-old high school grad, Ronald Wrench has the U.S. Air Force running record top-guyed. At Ryan Junior High School, young Ronald filed in his leisure moments by designing plans for adding a third combustion chamber to the ordinary dual-chamber jet unit. His science teacher, Mrs. Esther Wilson, was so taken by Ronald's designs (which he drew for a "Science Fair") that she posted them to Griffin Air Force Base. Army Air Force officers have recently invited Ronald to visit the field and "make a personal explanation."

THE OLD ORDER . . . The Anglo-American Research Society of Birmingham, England, has reported that the standard architecture height of chairs is not the correct one. "Far really comfortable sitting," declares the Society, "a chair should make an height in admirable." (Proportionate men and dwarfs have not been consulted as to their views on the subject.)

ABACADABRA OUT . . . Hushes! . . . hushes! . . . you shriek and "hushes!" Looks like the good old Black Magic is up its way out. Even the home of the ancient Voodoo is turning to new mysteries. According to London reports, even native African medicine men are sending to England for more and modern super-natural magic tricks to confound, alarm and depress their unenlightened patients. These articles must

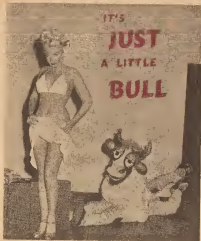
be popular with medicine-men etc. (1) Cigarettes that explode when you sit on them; (2) exploding cigars; and (3) finger rings which — shakily handled—can squirt a squirt of water into a tea-drinking friend's eye.

TRAFFIC PROBLEM . . . You can't win, you motorists. In the United States, a new paper is reported to be growing where visitors were accustomed to park their cars in the Morris County Room area. Park Ranger Naturalist M. D. Best predicts that pronounced changes can be expected in the vicinity of the road-way leading to the parking area. Two years ago, the Ranger says, he noticed that the needles on trees north and south of the parking area were turning brown and dying, although there was no evidence of insect attack or disease. Soon, the Ranger predicts, the parking space will be unusable.

CHITTER-CHATTER . . . Believe it or not, research workers at Cornell (U.S.) University have decided that office discussions about last night's date or the weekend's moon may actually help to get more work done. Starting on an assembly line also helps. Proof: An office-negotiator was warned because his general office was always in a depressingly unbusiness-like manner while his private office was as quiet as a tomb . . . until he learned the general staff were producing more work per person than his private staff.



"Let's call him 'Daddy' and throw this piece in an up-roar!"



No, this isn't Rudolph the Red-Nosed Reindeer . . . and it isn't even Ferdinand Who Was So Fond of Flowers . . . but maybe, he's Ferdinand's half-brother . . . or, at least, his ambitions seem to be similar to Ferdinand's, judging by his overwhelmed condition. And what's a matter if the rest of the bulls hate him . . . his goal is distinctly their loss.



Not that you could call him a thick-as-the-mud, however. There's no doubt Ferdinand Junior has a raring fire. But he seems to focus it in the right places. Why, the stock's even dropped him to his feet. What does he come of the orchestra's playing "Where's My Wandering Bull To-night"? He's satisfied where he is, let them feed him!





But the show must go on. They've found Ferdinand Junior and, at last, he must face up to a real monster. Strangely enough, he doesn't seem to scare a bit. (And why should he — for that matter, many a wolf would envy his bull-eyes now of Cucko Martucci.) Still, don't ask us who won the fight. All we know is that Ferdie beat the dogs to himself and someone's caught with his pants or something down. Pass up the bouquets for Ferd.



FOR WORRIERS . . .

The part of man's brain with which he does his worrying has now been located, reports Yale (U.S.) Professor Dr. John F. Fulton. In a speech to the American Philosophical Society, Dr. Fulton declared that the "worry areas" consist of three projections from the frontal lobes of the brain. Dr. Fulton added that the first pairing of these "worry areas" to whose anxiety was done by Dr. Hans Martin, of Lucken. Dr. Martin got the idea from a report that chimpanzees no longer showed either anxiety or signs of frustration after their frontal lobes had been removed. Further study led to the identification of the exact fibres for the anxious to eat.

TWO BLACK EYES . . .

Quite a collection of elderly are inclined to worry because they have "bags" under their eyes. Some of this worry is unnecessary. Though the condition is often seen in elderly persons, it is not necessarily due to kidney trouble or heart disease. It is not necessarily a sign of debility or of dampening, either. The condition often runs in families, it tends to come and go, or the case of the "bags" may vary with the season of the time of the day. An unexplained cause is often some allergy. If the "bags" get worse in autumn or win-

ter, food allergy may be suspected. Fatigue, especially in elderly people, may aggravate the "bags."

ANTI-TOOTHACHE . . .

A new anti-dental decay compound of fluorine has been announced to the American Chemical Society. The compound is a fluoride-magnesium salt that not only adds fluorine to the enamel, but removes it when the concentration runs above about 15 parts per million. More than this may cause mottled teeth. Extensive trials over the past decade show that fluorine in drinking water in the proportion of one part per million will decrease markedly dental decay in children's teeth. Many U.S. cities are now adding fluorine to their drinking water.

HUMAN PLUMBING . . .

Skin grafts rendered with very mesh can be used successfully to patch the wind-pipe and bronchial tubes when tuberculosis, injury or cancer requires removal of a section of either bronchial tube or wind-pipe, states Dr. Donald L. Franklin, of Texas (U.S.). The kind of patch "provides a living scaffold" for new living tissue of the wind-pipe or bronchial tube to grow on. The patches have meant the saving of lung function and even of life.

he opened up the AMAZON



JOHN CHIRWELL

A intrepid Cavalier of Spain helped solve a golden riddle.

LATELY a news-like newspaper paragraph reported briefly that one of the world's oldest puzzles had been solved.

According to the London "Daily Mail" on several, two Englishmen—John Brown and Sebastian Snow—had proved that the source of the Amazon River is Lake Micozocha.

Just that sort announcement recorded that the great explorers had sought for centuries, had been revealed.

It began on September 1, 1922. Then, the two parties and others who witnessed the decisive settlement of Nueva Cadiz on the island of

Cubagua, off the coast of Venezuela, had crowded to the forebore.

An odd-looking craft of rough-hewn hardwood planks lashed together with jungle vines and wrapped with rain luffed into the wind and there over a rock as an anchor.

Two years earlier, the 35 stout and furnished men aboard her had left the other side of the South American Continent and had covered it at its widest point—a distance of 9000 miles. For 4000 miles before reaching the Atlantic had had followed the course of a mighty river (conveniently unknown) which their leader, a cavalier named Francisco de Orellana, had

called the Amazon because of the warlike women he had had to fight there.

As for their leader and the other 35 survivors of the jungle tows, they had been found lost in a second "brigantine" built upriver which had disappeared ten days before on the open sea.

As it happened, the larger ship was nearly beached and arrived at Nueva Cadiz two days later.

Without an experienced guide among them or navigational aids of any kind, they had weathered the whirlpools, narrows and snags of the Amazon and the storms of the open sea. They had navigated for the first time the whole length of a river marrier than any other, survived the hurricanes of seas which even the wild beasts had deserted, and lost only 14 men to the poison darts of hostile Indians and jungle tows.

Instead of hurrying home to the leader, the expedition brought only an inventory which chronicles have labeled "Orellana's Treasures" and which it has taken centuries for centuries to debunk.

He was accused of abandoning 140 men to their fate in the upper Amazon. Sometimes called the Orellana on the pretext of going ahead to look for food. The truth was that once he had gone ahead, he found it impossible to get back.

Francisco de Orellana was born in Trujillo in the Spanish province of Extremadura in 1521 and went to the Indies at the age of 15.

A couple of years' activity bored him so much that when he heard that his equally-brave kinsman, Gonzalo Pizarro, was about to lead an expedition out in search of the fabled Golden Land of El Dorado he determined to go too.

Both Spaniards and natives died in the first of starvation, disease and

attacks by hostile Indians. But undaunted under attack, Pizarro decided to send Orellana along the Napo River with 40 men to look for food.

The boat was made of rough logs hewn from the jungle, held together with seals nailed from hammocks and kept watertight with "cahuas" made from the tattered remnants of their clothing.

Orellana's venture was a desperate gamble and scurried at such. Two days after leaving the main body, the boat struck a submerged tree trunk, stranding in a plank. Fortunately they were near the left bank, where the boat was beached and repairs effected, or they would have met a gory end as food for alligators and piranhas, small voracious fish that hunt in large schools.

By the next day, their food was exhausted, and they boiled Indian strips and the sides of their boats to satisfy their stomach pangs. Nine days later, when they had rowed with the current some 500 miles, some were too weak to stand. Others had died from eating poisonous roots.

On New Year's Day, 1541, a delirious cavalier cried out that he could hear drums, and the starving survivors rowed on with peddled energy. It was not till the following night that the drumbeats were heard again, and at the next turn in the river they ran into a small army of Indian warriors, which scattered as fear

Caused by kindness—a rare thing in the Peru of the conquistadors—the Indians proved true friends as well. In return for a few trinkets and pieces of cloth, they gave the wanderers partridges, wild turkeys and fish.

Finding it impossible to row back-stream against the current, Orellana proposed to wait at the village for a couple of months in the hope that Pizarro would struggle through the jungle to their aid.

Three men volunteered to try a land march upstream to find the others. But realizing they would not have a chance, Orellana had to drop the idea.

Before long it became fully apparent that they had outstayed their welcome, as the Indians grew apprehensive about their dwindling food stocks. Orellana was forced to move on.

Well, some years of conquest, he had to assume Pizarro lost, which was not unreasonable in view of the pitiable condition of the expedition when he left it. But he was wrong, for two months later Pizarro and his 160 starving followers reached the camp to face a terrible 100-mile struggle home from which only 30 men emerged alive.

By then, however, Orellana was well on the way to the sea. He had passed downriver at a large village ruled by a chief named Apuza the Great to build a second "brigantine." Apuza later died when told they were children of the Sun, the Gods, and woe! when they left.

On April 12 they reached the village of the fierce Muequezo, who lived up to fame reputation by attacking them. It took a two-hour battle in which 12 Spaniards were wounded, one fatally, to rest the Indians and convince their well-stocked leaders.

A month later the Spaniards had their celebrated brush with "Amasaca," who "appeared to be very tall, robust, fat, with long hair twisted over their heads, skirts round their loins, and bows and arrows in their hands." They were no children with their own methods or with the strategy, shooting them down if they retreated from the Spanish line.

A third, Gaspar de Carvajal, who acted as doctor for the voyage, got an arrow through his eye, the

arrow passing through my head and sticking out two fingers length on the other side behind my ear."

By early July, when the scenery changed from mountains and high lands to lowlands, and the current grew more sluggish, they were harassed to seize a rim and fall in the river so it would be safe. The river was now so wide that they never saw its banks again, but foraged food from the many islands in the stream.

Further downstream they found a suitable beach to cross the larger boat. In 14 days both boats were entirely overhauled.

"We did not eat anything but what could be picked up on the shores at the water's edge," wrote Fritz Unger, "which was but a few small seeds and a few scraps of reddish color of the skin of frogs."

On August 1, they sailed off on an old sloop on the last leg to the sea. Sometimes the running tide carried them back further than they made on the sloop and it was not until August 24 that they reached the open sea.

"Twined" for a day and night, while "upriver" was checked, the old fleet sailed north into an unknown ocean without pilot compass or steering aid. By a miracle, both reached Cubaqua without mishap.

Most of the adventurers found their way back to Peru to fall or be killed in the subsequent civil wars, but Orellana still convinced from the few gold and silver native ditches he had seen on the trip downstream that El Dorado existed, returned to Spain for authority to explore the Amazon.

The reception, however, was lukewarm, partly because Spain suspected that Amazon came within Portugal's "sphere of influence," partly because letters had arrived from Pizarro accusing Orellana of deserting him. Eventually Orellana secured a com-

mission as governor and superintendent to explore and settle "New Andahuana," as his discoveries were named, but no financial help was forthcoming from the Government. It was not until May, 1540, two years after his return to Spain, that he was left for the New World, ill-equipped, undermanned and starved of everything necessary for success.

Descendants of the Coari and Cape Verde Islands, and a series of storms which sank one of his ships, delayed his arrival at the mouth of the Ama-

zon until December 26, 1542. Then he spent three fruitless months making preliminary explorations and building a longboat for the ascent of the river, while 37 men starved to death for lack of food.

When eventually everything was ready for him to sail upriver, he spent months going up "and do come."

He died of a fever early in November, 1542, on an island at the mouth of his mighty river without solving the mystery of how to get back.

DETOURS

By GUYAS WILLIAMS



Many whom have believed "The Bride of The Waters" whose the Indians led to the terror.



NIAGARA — mother of Death!

A FEW months ago, 35-year-old William Hill (son of the famed Canadian river-man, William "Red" Hill, and no mean road-herd by his own right) fulfilled a death-bed promise to his father.

"Red" Junior attempted to be the first white man to defy the Falls and descend their slide. He took off in a "barrel" made of 24 truck inner-tubes, curves and a fish-net.

More than 20,000 spectators saw him spin over the burning slide. Next day his almost unrecognizable body was dragged from the lower river. The barrel had broken up.

Incredibly, Hill's 32-year-old brother, Major Hill, announced he

would go over the Falls in a steel barrel . . . whatever was his fate.

Only the plan of a pro-Indian mother dissuaded him, while the Ottawa (Canada) Government added suitably. "All further stout attempts to go over the Canadian section of Niagara Falls are barred."

And there for the moment the matter seems to stand. But for how long?

For more than a century the rewards for rodding goats with electricity as and over the roaring rush-dashed hell-broth of Niagara Falls have been steadily from fringe.

A batch of slippings, a transient, fresh type naturality, then, finally, a

shabby, if not poverty-stricken old-firm—these have been the payoff for most of the men and women who, since 1855, have made death-during bids for cash and cash-in in the watery inferno of The Big Drop.

Even Red Hill, Sr., Niagara river-man, admitted in his closing days that heaven as a trade was a poorly paying deal.

Three years later Red grasped the full meaning of his father's advice not to expect much from the river in the way of spendable compensation.

An earlier daring-deer to discover that heavy-for-a-price at The Big Drop of a losing proposition was Jerry Fouquet. The tough-boned, overgrown little riverman recently rushed being swept over Niagara Falls by a reward he later characterized as "peanuts."

Fouquet's break with drowning death was a rather anti-climatic effort, coming as it did on the heels of one of the most spectacular exploits in the down-plashed map of Niagara Falls, the helicopter rescue of a dead 32-year-old mother and two drowned pilot from treacherous rapids 300 feet above the thundering Falls.

The series of rescue events first geared into motion the morning of May 15 when a witness reported to police that a woman was clinging to a rock mid-river between Three Sisters Islands and Goat Island, several hundred feet from the drumming down of Horseshoe Falls.

First futile attempts at rescue were made by two park employees and then by members of the Falls Park Department. After several volunteers had been baffled against the rocks by the ever-changing current, a plan was made to the nearby Bell Aircraft plant for a helicopter. In a short time, a motor-propelled "copter, manned by Owen G. Neuhart, Bell Aircraft's chief test pilot, and Joseph

A. Cannon, also a Bell test pilot, hovered over the screaming, fast-weakening woman, then slowly and surely set up positions on the swirling waters.

As Neuhart artfully as the controls, Cannon slipped down a ladder to the rear of the pontoon, threw the semi-conscious woman a rope and began hauling her aboard. At that moment a heavy wave slapped the aircraft, tore the woman adrift and sent the disorganized witness careening toward the Falls.

After wildly guessing for 15 feet, the spaced helicopter hung up on a rock with both men aboard. Their rope still attached to the woman, they dragged her to their slippery perch on the boiling rapids and awaited rescue.

It came with the arrival of another helicopter, piloted by William J. Gallagher and his partner, George Whitt. The airborne pair dropped one end of a rope to the man-trapped wife and the other end to palm-tree and driven on Goat Island. Using the rope as a guide line, volunteers manning a steel-shielded rockboat and brought the river-trapped dame ashore. The woman was identified as Miss Jeannette (Fouquet) of Niagara Falls who had vanished from his house the day before.

Forty-year-old Jerry Fouquet, veteran of years of desperate engineering work around the Falls, came to grips with the rapids the day after the rescue, when he set out to salvage the SH-508 helicopter.

On his first trip out to the rocks to attach a cable to the disabled aircraft, the riverman was pitched into the rushing stream and along to the "copter" for two hours before he was hoisted to safety.

On his second perilous journey he was again hauled into the water but scrambled from the clutch of the tur-

rent had completed his adjoining arrangement, surprisingly in one piece.

It was later, while nursing his aches and pains, that Penquo voiced his disillusion about barons of the Falls.

"I didn't take the job!" he said, "because of my love of seeing my name in the paper. I'm a family man and I need money."

"I know the river bed like a book. I figured I could do the job and make at least \$1,000 so my family and I could put a down payment on a small home."

"But after I had been taking a chance of being stoned over the brink of the Falls for about six hours, what do you think they offered me?"

"I ended up with \$115. Penquo!" Although he may have been unaware of it, the disappointed riverman was only echoing sentiments expressed down the years by others who had pined their ovens against the overweening power of the Falls and found that in the end it paid off in "pennies" if not in death.

Mrs. Anna Edson Taylor, for instance, twice she alone failed, but at last, twice she alone failed, could have told him that the Falls were poor pay. A famous schoolteacher, Mrs. Taylor, crossed in a home-made barrel, headed over Horseshoe Falls, October 3, 1882, the first to successfully negotiate The Big Drop. She collected out a meagre living for years selling phonographs at a Falls Street post and died penniless.

Of all the barrel-jockeys, tight-rope walkers, tightrope and other stunts and strange-drunk madcaps who challenged the Falls over a century or so, only one really hit the jackpot. He was Jean François Gervais, known professionally as Blondin, the world's greatest tightrope walker of his day.

Performing on a rope stretched across the roaring river, Blondin, in 1829, held over hundred thousand peo-

ple spellbound with his prowess, representing during on the average rope.

A year later he repeated his performance, placing the impossible upon the impossible. He walked across, pushing a wheelbarrow, cooked himself an omelette, and dined his twenty crams on his back.

Blondin ended life as the master of Niagara House, South Riding, England. Awarded many decorations, near the victim of an accident, he died at the age of 73 after a life of wealth and fame.

Which is where "Red" Hill ran himself against.

"Red" Hill first shot the Lower Rapids in 1811, riding the same steel drum Bobby Lewis had used to baptize Mrs. Taylor's plunge over Horseshoe Falls. Lewis, a noted Falls diver, later died in New England from injuries he suffered when he landed on an orange peel.

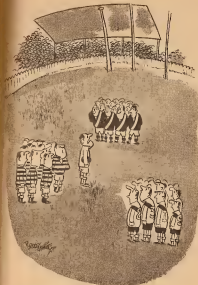
Hill's second trip was made Memorial Day, 1893, in a specially designed steel drum, in which a ham-saw-like barrow protested—has been serious injury as the barrel ricocheted through the rushing waters.

His third and last barrel ride was marked by the misadventure of Junior, then 17 years of age, as a fit successor to a drunken father.

Making the try in a barrel in which a Greek waiter had suffocated in an earlier attempt, the elder Red was trapped far below in the dread Whirlpool, his round swift spinning dandy in its lethal grip.

Screaming death had finally turned him. Red unlocked the hatch of his bounding craft and saw Red, Jr., a rope and sword his waist buckling the treacherous currents. His son reached the barrel and helped try to subdue.

Now Red Jun. has followed Red Sen. What next?



"Well, don't put stand there — someone got a fixture card!"

THE HOME OF TO-DAY (No. 54)

PREPARED BY W. WATSON SHARP, A.R.A.I.A.



2 STOREYS with a VIEW

There are many occasions on which a two-storey plan goes best, especially when the land area is limited and when a good view is obtainable.

CAVALCADE's suggestion this month is for a two-storey home in which the view is from the rear of the site.

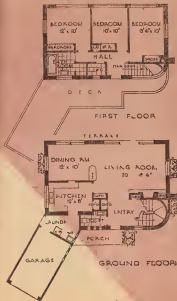
The room sizes are practically at a minimum to conform with present high costs, and the house would be improved by a little additional space if this could be afforded.

An open plan has been adopted for

the lower floor, resulting in a spacious appearance. On the upper floor each of the three bedrooms is placed to obtain the benefit of the outlook. Each is fitted with a built-in wardrobe.

There is also more than usual cupboard space on the ground floor, which is a feature generally very much appreciated.

The total area of this house is 1,750 square feet and the minimum footings required to accommodate it is 60 feet.



an ENGLISH SWORD in ITALY



Sir John Hawkwood carved fortune and fame for himself with cold steel.

MARGARET CLARK

A DEEP-CHESTED, white-haired Englishman named John Hawkwood was riding through the streets of 16th Century Montreux in 1944 when he met two beggar boys.

"Peace be with you, Don Giovanni Acuto," the boys called, according to the custom of the day.

"God take your sins from you," returned Sir John, but with a bluff smile in his bearded eye.

Nevertheless, the boys were taken aback by his apparent charity.

"Do you not know that I live by war?" demanded Sir John, with a huge back-slapper laugh. "If God gave me peace I should die of boredom!"

John Hawkwood, gentleman of Rome, England, was one of the last

and greatest of the Condottieri—their leaders of the "free companies" of professional man-at-arms who roamed about 14th Century Europe in search of wars.

They were the terror of the civilian population but the delight of kings and merchant princes whose increasing wealth from trade made them less and less inclined to lay down their lives for their country.

Sir John went to Europe in the first place with the armies of Edward III, of England, and likely enough he gave orders to long-bowmen at the battle of Poitiers. But we can only say for sure that the end of the war left him unemployed.

Still optimistic, however, he did not go home with his king, he stayed on

Naples to find still another war.

For a while Giovanni provided him and his followers with food, wine, women and gold.

But all good things must end. Came the Black Death, and Sir John suddenly decided to move to a healthier climate. Italy seemed to offer the best prospects.

The wisdom of Sir John's choice proved itself soon and over again during the next thirty-four years. Before he died in Florence in 1394, he served in turn the Marquis of Montefeltro, the Visconti family of Milan, the Pope, Pisa, Padua and Florence, declined an offer from Venice, banished himself from Florence for a time to Naples and enjoyed several periods of free-lancing.

Sir John had no trouble in finding his expenses paid. Giovanni to Italy. Along the way he met another free-lancing captain, one Bernard de la Salle. The two companies joined forces for a season of pillaging. Together they captured Pont de l'Évêque, near Angoulême where the Pope was then living and held the Pope himself to ransom.

Now, Sir John and his men surrounded the Count of Savoy in his Piedmont castle and relieved him of a tidy sum of money. The lot of seven more castles filled their purses even more pleasantly.

Sir John was in this happy state when the Marquis of Montefeltro went to war with Milan. Sir John signed up.

Immediately, the valley of the Treviso became desolate with plundering, burning, looting, rape and seductions, screams of terror, yells of delight.

On this very day one youth met and wooed a woman in Northern Italy whom one might mistake for English.

Sir John's method of approach was much the same, whether he was free-

lancing or working for an employer. If it were a question of reducing a town, he would burst upon it at night, and his men would flow over the walls like a waterfall as guns through the shattered gates like a storm in full flood. Townsmen would be quickly put to the sword and the women raped, portable treasure would be stuffed in the saddlebags and buildings set on fire.

If, on the other hand, he simply wanted funds he would surround the townships and the town square and as they looked there, he would announce what ransom he sought if they were slow in agreeing.

In spite of this record of bloodshed, brutality and violence, Sir John cannot be dismissed as a mere free-lancer. He made many contributions to the art of war. One of his most notable victories was the battle of Castagnaro where the forces of the Duke of Padua, whose commander he was at the time, defeated a Venetian army twice its size.

That was an age when the industry was coming into its own. The country which had reigned supreme while knighthood was in flower tended to wane as a serious management is demanded at home and abroad where the unrelentless English long-bowmen made a serious business of slugging up the French nobility. War was coming to be a polite sport and was becoming a fine art, soon to be a science. Sir John Hawkwood was one of the first military leaders to depart from the knightrly tradition . . . and on this account history honors him.

It is not surprising that he was soon surrounded with a credit reputation of reliability. Inconceivable—the most celebrated (but inappropriately named) "White Company."

And the White Company performed so successfully that in April, 1380,

When a matron found herself locked out of her apartment in Liverpool (Chapman), a passing plumber—on William Hall—opened to her assistance. William succeeded by climbing through the matron-in-distress's bedroom window to unlock the front door from the inside. Before he could reach the door, however, the matron's husband scuffled William by the seat of the pants and tossed him through the back panel.

Bernabe Visconti of Milan hired a band of redoubtable German mercenaries and led in Baden, Count Conrad Ludow of Swabia, put a stop to the Company's depredations.

Mandeville sued for peace. And once again Sir John was out of a job.

Not for long. The Republic of Pisa was at war with Florence. Its ruler offered Sir John and his men ten thousand gold florins a month to conduct the war for him. Before long the salary was raised to 25 thousand.

Wielding Florence, however, proved a tough nut. Before Sir John knew where he was, the Florentines were encouraged outside Pisa.

The situation looked black, but Sir John appeared the situation . . . and looked the right horse.

The disgruntled English captain resolved to ravage the country around Pisa, until he had paid his overbought. Then he invaded Perugia in the Apennines . . . only to find himself evenly matched with a German mercenary who had been hired to defend the city. The two warriors prudently swore eternal friendship; then held a

banquet at the expense of the Papal Government.

For the next two years, the White Company continued its go-as-you-please with the result that the Government of Pisa soon decided it had made a mistake in allowing Sir John to leave its service. It was inviting him back . . . when Bernabe Visconti of Milan made a better bid.

He sent Sir John to defend his former master, Perugia, which was being attacked by forces from the Papal States.

Somehow the campaign did not proceed according to plan . . . and Sir John found himself a prisoner of the Pope. But the Pope, ally of Milan and mindful of considerable plunderage, decided to ransom him.

Apparently encouraged by this, Sir John stirred up a revolt against Florence, attacked Lucca, Bologna and Reggio, fought a pitched battle against Florence and led an expedition against his first Italian employer, the Marquis of Montefiore.

Everything was going along nicely when he suddenly changed his command: interference from the authorities, he said, and brusquely added his opinion that soldiers could not permit "women" to meddle in military matters. (Armchair strategists, please note.)

The Pope, delighted at the opportunity to snare off his command, promptly offered Sir John a job—Sir John lightly took the bait against his former employers.

But after have called. Sir John allowed himself to be inveigled back into the service of the Visconti. As an added enticement, the Visconti Duke, Bernabe, offered Sir John the hand of his daughter's daughter. Domina. Sir John was only too pleased to oblige.

He was now at the height of his glory.

His fame at the peninsula was such that the English king appointed him English Ambassador in the Papal States, Naples, Florence and several other city-states.

As a matter of fact, he was so much in demand that it is hard to keep track of his trepidations up and down Italy.

One moment he is in Vienna supporting Bernabe Visconti's claim for an inheritance which he alleged was being withheld from him with. Next he is protecting Florence against the King of Hungary's nephew. Presently he is down in Naples helping this same nephew wrest the crown from Prince Louis of Anjou. Then over to Padua on whom behalf he won the celebrated battle of Montebelluna.

When war broke out he spent a summer ravaging the territory around Siena.

Before returning to the

service of Florence.

It was for Florence that he performed his last military exploit. By then it was 1323 . . . and Sir John had only two more years to live.

These he spent in retirement with his wife. He died at the age of 60 . . . the father of nine children (at least four of them illegitimate).

Some of his children married Italian and settled down in Italy. One son went to England, took his father's English name and became an Englishman. And one daughter married a man named Shelley and a descendant—a poet named Percy Bysshe Shelley—renewed the family connections with Italy.

And to this day visitors to Florence may see Sir John painted on the wall of the cathedral, clean-shaven and beardless, eternally astride an eternally prancing horse.





• Our Trapped Office Wolf reports dramatically that it seems he'll be having a muggy New Year. • Nature Note Nothing makes a trapped more afraid of a mouse than a man. • International Incident A news flash reports that a French dramatic critic recently fought a duel with an actor who claimed to have been assigned, the critic was wounded. . . first time he'd ever been stuck for a phrase, eh? • True legend as naturally to the one sensitive Thompson who wasn't a hero. . . he was accurate. • Which-by obscure means—explains us to remark that these days some rules make sense as old that they must be the original, period Noah being on the mind of the Ash. • And, while we are on the subject of the stage and its actors, we must report the current rumour that performance as a thought transference act signal to each other by sniffing. . . this is known to their intimates as a code in the nose. • Town Talk There's a King Cross gardener, they say, who has been on the beat so long that he knows every crack and cranny in the district. • As a matter of fact, it was probably this same little lord of the low who pointed out that a juvenile delinquent is often a teen-ager who does everything you did when you were young. . . but gets caught doing it. • Health Hint No matter how much some girls reduce themselves, they'll never be beryou. • Which no doubt explains why women are habitually late for the sake of appointments. • The American Way of Life Section Grade A The recipient of the electric chair who asked the prison chaplain to hold his hand during his last moments. • Calling Conifers Nothing is ever accomplished by a committee unless it consists of three members—one of whom happens to be sick and another absent. • Cafe Chatting & Fugger states that most and most girls in the country are running away from the land to become waitresses in the city. . . when they reach a restaurant, of course, they stop running. • Feature for Females: Attention has been drawn to the inadvisable nature paid to some electronic sporting. . . Brrrrrr! Shrrrr! We always thought they made a pile. • Which reminds us of a bewared bootmaker of our acquaintance, he's spreading that the cost of living is ballooning is astronomically that he's had to leave his last.

OUR SHORT STORY: Princeton (U.S.) University students recently staged a debate with representatives of Yale University, subject was "A woman should choose death before defecation"; Princeton argued "Yes", Yale won.

KATH RING



SPY WAY



BY PHIL BELLEN
AND SYDNEY GCKENBEN

READY TO TAKE OFF ON AN IMPORTANT MISSION, KATH RING WOULD NOT MISS HER OPPORTUNITY TO SHOOTER TELL YOU WHO IS LATE . . .



THE GATES ARE ABOUT TO CLOSE WHEN TRUCK ACCIDENT BUREAU LEAVES--



... AND EXPLAINING HE WAS
DELETED BY SOME
GUY AT A DIPLOMATIC
CORPS PARTY



IN THE PLANE THEY HAVE
A CHANCE OF DISCOVERING
THE TRUE ASSASSIN
IN THE DEAD HEART OF
AUSTRALIA



I MUST SURVIVE ON
SLIM DIET THIS MORNING
IS SECRET



AFTER THE VISIT KATH
STUCK HER NOTES
FOR A CONFIDENTIAL
REPORT



AFTER REPORTING TO
THE BARBAROUS DEATH
SOCIETY ON THE
GONE



KATH IS ABOUT TO
LEAVE WHEN THE TELEPHONE RINGS AND ...



WHERE DID YOU LEAVE
YOUR ...



WELL - HE HAS FAILED
TO KEEP HIS ASSASSIN
MYSTERY - AND HE CAN'T
BE FOUND AT HIS
STUDIO



MAYBE HE IS - BE -
LAKING I'LL FIND HIM



I'LL BET HE CALLED HOME
FIRST TO PERSUADE HIS
MOM HAVE A DRINK



LONG HER KEY TO
TRUCKS THAT KATH GOES
NEEDS AND FINDS



... THE STORY - BOOK
VERSION OF WHAT HAPPENS
WHEN A PLAN IS
REVEALED BY DE'S -
SECRETARY



WELL, AWARE THAT SOME-
WHERE IN GEORGETOWN,
NATH HAD A PLAN TO
VISIT TRUCK'S STUDIO.



FAILING TO GET ANY
RESPONSE TO HER
KNOCK, NATH WENT
KEY TO TRUCK'S STUDIO.



AND FOUND TRUCK
TODD RECLINING ON
THE FLOOR OF HIS
DARKROOM.



QUICKLY REVIVING TRUCK
WITH AMMONIA, NATH
HEARD HIS STUDENT
NOT GOING TO HIS
FLAT FIRST, HE ENTERED
THE STUDIO AND
WAS ENGAGED LONELY
GROSS AND HE ENTERED
THE DARKROOM.



SOMEONE HAD USED
THE BACKDOOR, NATH
IN A CLUELESS WAY.



SHUT! AN ANATHELE
TRIED TO DEVELOP THE
SECRET BACKET RANG
SHUTTERS... AND
PAUSED.



AN ESPIONAGE ATTEMPT
WAS... THEY WERE...
LIES IN FACT...
YOUR FLAT IS BEING
SEARCHED, TOO, TRUCK.



GONG HOME TO RELAX
ALL TRUCK ENDED THE
SITUATION. NATH WAS
READY TO WHOLLY ENTER
GONG IN HIS ROOM.
DURING THE TELEPHONE
INTERLUDE, NATH
THOUGHT.



"GLUE TRUCK. I TOLD
YOU IT WAS A SHAMBLER
COMING OVER BY BALL
WEAPON."



YOU DON'T SOUND
YOURSELF, TRUCK.
GROSS FROM THE K.O.
SH Y



I'LL COMPROMISE MY-
SELF, CARRYING A LOAD IN
THE FLAT... BUT IT'S IN
A GOOD CAUSE.



AN... WELL... NOW FOR
THE WAGE PAID.



SCARCELY FINISHED
DRESSING KATH HEADS
A SHOCK AT THE DOOR
TEUCH CERTAINLY MADE
QUICK TIME COMING
OVER.



TIME APPROACH IS TOO
NOVEL FOR TEUCH TOO



FOR ONE SECOND BEFORE
THE DARKNESS DEVELOPS
ON HER, KATH BEGINS
TO SEE THE REALITY OF
TEUCH THAT THIS IS
NOT TRUE AT ALL.



WHICH KATH BEGINS
CONSIDERATION OF THE
ENDS HERSELF TIED
TO A BED IN A CHERRY
ROOM.



TEUCH SOME ALMOST
KATH'S KNOCKING
AND TRIED TO USE MY
OWN TO DEVELOP
THE STORY. BUT
KATH FILLS BUT HE
MADE A MESS OF IT.



JUST SO LONG AS HE
CAN MAKE A MESS
OF IT.



NOT ANYTHING I WILL
TRY TO MAKE A MESS OF
WAS HERE OVER HERE
RIGHT AWAY.



KATH FACED HER
SITTING IN A POS-
ITION OF DISADVANTAGE.

DO AS YOU'RE TOLD
AND YOU WON'T GET
HURT.



KATH IS ALREADY TO SEE
TEUCH'S DEVELOPED
PROPOSITION OF READ
BEFORE HER.



TELL ME ALL YOU KNOW
ABOUT EACH PHOTO.

KATH TRIED TO COVER
UP BY LYING ABOUT
THE PHOTOGRAPH AND IS
SHAKED FOR IT.



WE KNOW MORE THAN
THAT, BUT NOT ENOUGH.

THERE'S NO CHANCE
KATH'S KNOCKING
AND TRIED TO USE MY
OWN TO DEVELOP
THE STORY. BUT
KATH FILLS BUT HE
MADE A MESS OF IT.



TEN MINUTES TO THINK
IT OVER - TEN MINUTES.





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The eye of gergarsi

THE IMPASSIVE GAZE OF THE JUNGLE GOD DREW MEN, AND WOMEN TOO, TOWARDS A GOAL WHICH MEANT RICHES, ESCAPE . . . OR DEATH.

MINA GRAY • FICTION

"He who is afraid will never penetrate to the heart of my country," Anders could remember Evert Helsson saying that when they first met, looking at him with those odd, light eyes that saw so much . . . and so little. Now it came back to him with renewed force, now when he had almost reached the heart of Palau Marsh, and Evert Helsson was dead.

And Anders was afraid. Night and day terror stalked him through the labyrinth of lanes under the laprous shadow of the palm fronds. Evert's shadow? How he hated it. How he longed to find that fortune that waited in his heart, and then sail back to Holland with Evert's wife, Maria.

It had not taken Anders long to understand that Maria too hated the island. He had seen it in her slanting green eyes long before she had told him passionately with her soft lips against his, "You and I . . . we are alike . . . we both hate Palau Marsh . . . take me away, Anders." But Anders hadn't been able to take

her away. After the war he had been thrown up like a piece of driftwood upon this island that had belonged originally to Evert's grandfather after he had fought off the Chinese pirates that harried its coast. Evert had offered him a partnership in the copra and timber if he stayed, and helped to rehabilitate the island. For Evert, apart from the fact that that was his only home, the place where he had been born and grown up, the island with its miserable brown population was a deep responsibility that he had inherited. But for Anders, Palau Marsh was a prison out of which he longed desperately to escape, knowing all the time that he had nowhere else to go. What else could he do?

And as the days had passed for both of them in an increasing tension, until Evert had come back from one of his periodical patrols with a feverish light in his eyes. He had found something. Money, he said, money enough to help the whole island. Money to buy machinery, to extend the plantations, money to build



a good hospital and pay a prominent doctor. At first Anders and Maria had thought he had fever, but when he made persistent attempts to go to the bathroom, they were convinced.

Then, one evening, Maria had come to Anders with a plan scribbled on a sheet of dirty newspaper pages. They had peered over it together. "He would not tell me when he started," she panted, contempt in her voice. "his own wife! But old Pongrits went with him as usual," she shrugged. "So I know that he went up river and also where he landed."

Anders looked at the pencil scrip again. Then he looked up at Maria. His slim golden body was always a hazard to him. He recoiled out for her but she evaded him, laughing mockingly. "You became a fool like Evert."

She made a little grimace behind his back as he, too, fiddled with it. She was sorry he was not so attractive as Evert, but with her husband she would be unprotected here for ever, with Anders she could escape. Only once had she been to Europe, but the memory of the glittering streets, the beautifully groomed women, the crowds of interesting men had stayed with her. It was a world she meant to have for herself again. . . . and now it was almost within her grasp. She heaved, "I cannot stay long, so you must leave. If you are to go up river, you know that within three weeks the river will be in flood. you must go soon."

"Did you had out when this discovery of his was?"

"Gold," she said with an excited tilt of her small head. "I am sure it is gold. He has even talked to me of a fine stone temple up there."

"But there are no temples on Pulau Merak," he burst out, impatiently.

"How do we know?"

"Well," he panted, "there are none

on the surrounding islands. It is supposed that the early Dutch explorers never reached this far."

Her answer also pulled from between her brows where it hung on a thin chain, a small pendant. She drew it away from her flesh into her hand, so that for a minute he stumbled, but her eyes were on him impatiently.

His thumb had rubbed the odd-shaped ornament absently, "Gold?" he queried. "Where did you get it?"

"Evert gave it to me."

"When?"

She nodded at the query slowly. Between them was the thought, "After his last patrol." He could not know that she had brought it from the mainland, that it was one of those inspired lies with which her gossip-like looks was always darning.

He turned the thing over in his hand, marvelling at how quickly her warmth had left it. Though his mind ran soaring visions of old pots and redskins found on other islands. Great, strange-shaped pots, blackened with age, grime and blood that put alone with the true, varnished metal which scratched by the nail of some incredulous explorer. Such pots were kept in hiding by the natives and were often said to house evil spirits chosen in need of propitiation. When there were such pots and redskins there must once have been ore. Yet the natives had forgotten its whereabouts over the centuries, or persuaded to have forgotten. . . . and they no longer knew the art of working gold.

She let him clasp the pendant back around her warm neck. She was as much a thing of shadow and sunlight on the island, but infinitely more desirable, he thought.

She said, "I must go soon. . . . or Evert wakes."

"If he wakes next week, there is

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not time for me to investigate that treasure of his. Once I am glad he cannot prevent me trying to find his treasure, but he will go to the mainland."

His green eyes watched him as the man withdrew the intended prey. "That is not your affair . . . and it may be that Evert will not sail."

For a minute her eyes held his, then he looked away, pulling the map towards him. He had been with Evert on a few patrols and he knew the island by now fairly well.

"What is this big gap just after he leaves the river . . . I mean to be a blank space between two hills. It's an odd shape for a valley."

"It is the Eye of Geyard," she said, releasing herself from his arms with a sudden start. She remembered then that she had caught neither blood on her to make her pay attention to the superstitions of the island. He was used to fearful native women and he knew that they usually had some foundation in fact. They were meant to be some sort of guidance for the unwary.

"And what is the Eye of Geyard," he asked.

"I don't know . . . it is just the Eye. I mean go now!"

Anders was walking this circumference as he sat slumbering in the damp heat of the late jungle afternoon a fortnight later. His one relief now was to think of Marie. She should take his mind off the terrors around him, the discomforts his filthy body had endured, and the crowded business spent of his three Pagan brethren. Evert was recorded elsewhere by the bones men because he had grown up amongst them, he was three leaders by right of birth and the prestige his generation had won for him . . . but Anders had no such sure life . . . and they knew ar-

bitrately that he did not have their shield.

His finger marked the point, which where they were now camped. He thought in a sudden onset of terror that by now he must be the only white man alive on the island. Evert had proved too stubborn for them both. He had refused to tell them at what the treasure consisted and also to obey his trip to the mainland. When Anders had left, Marie had looked at him smiling her enigmatic smile and shrugging her slim, gold shoulders. He remembered how surprised his was in this burning jungle and Marie knew all the persons of the island, the pulse of the basin flower . . . the moss-covered scumblings of bamboo as food.

With a sudden need to be with other human beings, Anders lit a cigarette and started across to the flag on which the natives had hung red-roasting meat to ward off the mosquitoes. By this time Marie would have done her part. It remained for him to find the treasure. He held out his tobacco, "Pangrah, you see old and know the wisdom of your ancestors. Tell me the story of the Eye of Geyard!"

The old man looked at him impatiently as the other two younger men covered their nostrils. "I am old, Tan, and the Eye would not be jealous of me. I will tell you as that we may turn back as I have begged you."

Shrugging with the ease of feral, Anders listened.

"In the time when the gods walked the earth," began the old man, "there were also demons. Of these, Geyard was the greatest and most terrible. When the others had not eyes, his were black and so terrible that if a man had the misfortune to meet Geyard and looked into those awful eyes, then his flesh would fly from his

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house in town and he would be left
a skeleton before the demons could
even lower his spade. Now there was
at that time on that island a woman
who was the most beautiful in all
the north. Her skin was golden, and
her eyes were golden, and even her
hair was like gold at night."

The eyes of the old man twinkled
respectfully on the sweating
Anthon. "She was a bad woman and
brought much trouble, but Gorgon
deserved her greatly. As she was a
mortal he used spells so that she too
would live forever and he worked her
off to a palace that he built with a
single spell also. That is why nobody
ventured to go into the palace that
she then will live on the east hill
of it is so high as to meet on
climbing over the hill where we are
camped. And Gorgon lives there to
this day with his birds ... though it
is said that sometimes she escapes him
and comes to cause much trouble
amongst men again."

Anthon began to laugh hysterically.
What a stupid fairy tale to get worked
up over! Did Marie think that demons
could frighten him away from the gold?
But it seemed that there was
really some truth in the tale of a
temple somewhere on the long-white
slope of the east hill. He stopped
laughing suddenly at the look of
demon terror suggested on the
younger man's face watching him.
His mind groped, there was some-
thing missing.

"But the Eye of Gorgon," he said,
"You have not told me all the story."

The old man had been watching
him intently. He went on in his
sing-song Malar. "To make sure that
no man approached his palace, and
also to watch all the dangers of his
wicked wife, Gorgon plucked out his
left eye and cast it on the ground.
There it has lain for thousands of
years, unapproached. Any man who has

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THE RISE OF THE STONEBOILERS

THE measure of difference between a civilized and uncivilized people is the comfort and security of their way of living. Our modern civilization is based on scientific research and expert knowledge, but in the infancy which chance played a major part in its development.

For instance, we today, get hot water by turning a tap, or by filling a kettle and lighting the gas, but there are very few primitive people who have a regular supply of hot water.

Amongst the North American Indians, there is a unique way of providing this essential. While the hunters might have roasted their food over an open fire, they did not know the delight of using soap or baked food, until by some chance one of them found a way to boil water.

These anatomists of primitive people placed stones in the fire until

red hot, and then with wooden tongs picked them up and dropped them in cunningly contrived wicker baskets when they boiled the water and cooked the food. As the stones cooled, they were replaced by heated ones while the cook sat comfortably near the fire.

While we don't know how this method of cooking originated, we do know how life Americans started, and although it grew hopelessly today with its unorthodoxly correct methods, it is one of the greatest influences for security and peace of mind. When these 400,000 Americans have taken advantage of this natural installation not only to protect their future, but also the future security of their wives and children. They do this knowing they not only help themselves, but that through their savings wisely invested in works of national importance, they are helping the progress of all Australia.

(Advt.)

approached it has never repaired."

Anders and Gorgon, "Then Evert returned . . ."

Pungwa smiled, looking into the shadows over Anders' shoulder. "He also did not leave my warning when he reached here . . . but because he was our brother, Gorgon allowed him to go to his home . . . to die."

Anders started. "How did you know? How could you know? He was alive when we left!"

But the old man's eyes were as opaque as the surrounding jungle. Anders had lived long enough in these islands to know there were some things it was no use to guess at. He turned away, shaking, and threw himself down under the rough palm shelter that had been roughly constructed for him earlier. It seemed to him that the sun would never keep up again above the towering sils of confusion. On the next hill, by the treasure Evert had found obviously, he could not turn back now and return to Marie empty-handed. He had given in him life, a danger.

The next day, he looked down from the leprosy of the jungle. Now now was that ancient black space on the map. For the last couple of hours, he had been conscious of an increasingly odd stomach that seemed to throw up an almost physical wall against his progress. But now at last, on the phosphorescent lime-white slope of the further hill he picked out accurately with his telescope a delicate tressure of dark stone that seemed to rise above the skyline. A laugh that looked as large as the Evert's. There, surely, was the treasure that Evert Holmes had found . . . gold . . . forgotten for centuries, protected by fear and the jungle itself.

He laughed. But Evert was dead and only Marie was waiting for him. He stumbled forward, drunk with elation. The stretch rose around him

now with paralyzing strength. He halted suddenly to himself. Then, rounding a sharp at once he stopped—stretch. Somewhere him was the "Eye." A great swirling oval of ancient earth that stretched as far as he could see on either side. He had seen just such strangely barren parts of the jungle before, but always across them had marched the sword-like black grass. There there was no forest. Nothing but a dark, moving, shimmering mass quivered as it shone. The Eye of Gorgon! It seemed to him that the dark slopes bowed at his disappointment. He panted back at it, wiping the sweat out of his eyes as it trickled down and blinded him. He searched feverishly for a way through the monstrous mass. In his hysterical excitement, the laboriously acquired contents of the white man in the jungle deserted him. He picked out what looked like a firm path through the mass, as if Gorgon had shed a swirling cyclone. Anders knew that soon now the sun would plunge down and leave him in darkness in the stretch phase. His old horror of snakes came back and he seemed to see Evert's face looking at him mockingly. The gold was so near, he couldn't wait, he couldn't wait. The golden flash of Marie flitted tastelessly before him. With a curse, Anders began to run along the path, sobbing. The strange jungle now was covered with a pollen of sun-bright gold. The foot caught in the cane, and he fell with a scream that set the jungle at his back quaking, insanely.

As the dark mass shrank him and he began to sink, he knew two things clearly, that the Eye of Gorgon would glow over him and wait perhaps a thousand years for its next victim . . . and that the treasure that Evert Holmes had discovered was not gold . . . but . . . Oil!

NO RENT IN THE MORGUE

There's a skeleton in every family cupboard they say! but this one wouldn't stay inside.

CALVIN S. ALLEN • FICTION



ALL the world looked bright and happy to Richard Quay this morning. That he was walking smack into a wind was undoubtedly farthest from his thoughts. "Ah, good morning, mornin'" Quay greeted brightly.

Friend and neighbor obtained with a grunt. Richard Quay frowned. Something someone had to be the cause. It wasn't like Gideon Trumble. "What's at the coming?" Quay asked.

Gideon raised his head from between his hands. "What?" he wanted to know.

"Your mother-in-law?"

"Who said she was coming?"

"Then it isn't that?"

"Look!" Trumble protested, "will you go away and leave me alone!"

For reply Richard Quay sat down on the porch steps beside his friend. He watched Trumble seriously.

"We can't do this to me," Trumble muttered to no one in particular.

Quay was about to ask him who and then he snugged his lips tight and waited. "Two hundred dollars now and another fifty coming up."

Comprehension began to dawn on Richard Quay. His friend owned and

rented out the apartment building next door. It was a headache at times. "Which one is it this time?" Quay inquired.

"Fourteen B," Trumble answered. "What's his name?"

Trumble raised his head out of his palms and stood at the dapper little insurance salesman. "Who told you about him?" he challenged.

Quay teased. "You did, pal."

Trumble let his shoulders sag. "It's Miss Monna Hunt," he explained. "She's four months behind in her rent."

"Why don't you throw her out?" Quay suggested.

Trumble shook his head. "Have you seen her?"

Trumble raised his hands and made snaky motions in the air with them. Quay broke into laughter.

"What until your wife hangs about this?" Quay asked.

"You tell her and I'll break every bone in your body," Trumble roared. "It isn't like you think."

"Give it a try!"

Trumble kept his eyes averted. His snubby fingers clasped his knees tightly. "Every month for the last four months I've gone to see Miss Hunt. Every month she four months she has talked me into waiting."

Quay's blue eyes twinkled merrily. "Well?"

Trumble was silent for nearly a minute, then he threw up his hands in disgust. "So I'm left," he growled. "She's just a young kid. His brother needs her money, see? Four months she doesn't hear from him. I don't know what to do."

Quay shook his head. "You'd never make a salesman. But you are my friend and a Quay never let a friend down. I'll talk to this young lady and get you rent."

Trumble's face lit up. "You're not kidding?"

Quay grinned. "Just leave it to me, pal." He coughed. "Of course there will be a slight commission . . ."

Gideon Trumble worried himself about. "You shouldn't you double-tongued tongue-buster. Get out!"

Richard Quay tipped his hat solemnly and started down the walk. He got as far as the street when Trumble hailed him. "Wait!"

Quay turned. He could see Trumble's lips moving and guessed he was convincing himself that one pet cent of two hundred and fifty pounds wouldn't be such a bad deal. Quay came back to the porch. "All right, you win," Trumble mentioned. "Then he gave a shy grin. "But there's one condition. You've got to get the money today."

If he expected Quay to object he was disappointed. It's a deal," Quay said.

Richard Quay went directly to Apartment 14 B after leaving Trumble. He took time to brush at his coat sleeves, see that his tie was straight and remove his hat before he rang the bell. He began to hum while he waited.

His time grew a bit sour when there was no answer to his second knocking of the button. Then suddenly his humming broke off.

He had just noticed the door to 14 B was slightly ajar. Miss Monna Hunt was home then. Probably she was out in the kitchen and didn't hear him. He pushed the door open a bit more to call.

For a moment Richard Quay was unable to move or take his eyes from the man stretched out just inside the door. There was no doubt in his mind that the man was dead. A knife was sticking in his back.

At last Quay gained control of his feeble legs enough to step inside. He closed the door automatically.

Quay was just about to kneel be-

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side the body when a light tap on the door sent his head back with a snap. He looked about wildly for a place to look, discovered a door opening into a bedroom. He was backing towards it when a voice called through the door "Quay, it's Tremble. Let me in."

Feeling his relief, Quay detached the body and opened the door to his friend. Gordon Tremble walked in, grinning. The gun from on his face as he glanced the corpse.

"Who did it?"

Richard, Quay gave Gordon Tremble a look that was enough to cut the fat man's nose down by half. "How should I know?" he snapped.

"Whose's Mom Hunt?" Tremble asked.

Quay had forgotten all about her. Now he turned and made a quick check of the room. He didn't expect to find her and he didn't. When he came back he found Tremble down beside the body.

"Looking for clues," Tremble remarked without looking up. "It's the way detectives work."

"Then, you wouldn't know a clue it—" Quay reached over Tremble's shoulder. "What you got there?"

"I don't know. Some piece of jewelry, I guess."

"Who, that's an artist," Quay said. "I thought artists were something you do."

"Of all the—uh, stop it. Where'd you find it?"

Tremble pointed to the corpse. "It was clutched in his hand."

"Did you ever see this fellow before?"

Tremble pulled himself to his feet. "I'm not sure. I think he might be the fellow who brought Mom Hunt home one night this week."

Quay asked "You think. That's

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Our Egos in 1952

The ego has definite responsibilities. One is to develop aptitudes and capacities by use, experience and reflective thought, to acquire skill and competence so that the work of woman can mean and keep him a far place in the occupational and social spheres.

Another is to adapt itself to the changes presented by circumstances outside its control. This calls for courage to face realities and intelligence to appreciate them intelligently.

The Year 1952 is likely to have as many changes as the years which immediately preceded it. Some may be favorable to us. The writer of this briefly believes that some will be, but we cannot forecast them. What we can do is to fit ourselves to make quick adjustment to the changes that will come, to take advantage of those which are helpful to us and to refuse to be emotionally disturbed by those which appear to be harmful.

It is a happy reflection that each of us, with the individual ego, is a survival product of countless generations which, by means, purpose, adjustment and quick better related processes, adjusted themselves to changes and lived successfully. Let each of us determine, D.V., to carry on in the same way in 1952.

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a big help." He had taken the chains from Terrible and now he dropped it in his coat pocket.

"Don't you think it's about time we called the police?"

"I guess we got to," Quay said, "but I don't know how well explain it to any one else."

Terrible shrugged. "It's a good guess he's not been dead more than thirty or forty minutes. I can testify that you were with me then."

"And who's going to believe you?" Quay said. "You're as much a suspect as I."

Quay's words were sweeping home when a series of heavy thumps sounded from the hall. Terrible leaped to the door before Quay could utter a warning. He peered out. When he turned back, his face was like chalk. "It's her!" Terrible shouted out. "She split some porcelain in the hall. She's picking them up now."

Richard Quay passed his moment. Morris Hunt. He said, "Quay, Terrible, get into the bedroom."

Terrible stared at him. "But why?"

"Do as I say! Get under the bed. I'll join you." As Quay uttered the last, he was reaching down and grasping the dead man by the shoulders.

Terrible hesitated long enough to ask, "Where's your hair?"

Quay looked hurriedly about, saw his hat on the floor where he had unconsciously dropped it. Terrible grabbed up the hat and dived for the bedroom. Quay followed him, dragging the corpse.

"I can't get under the bed," Terrible yelled.

Quay swore, but he saw the impossibility of getting the party man under there. He moved a chair. "In there," he snapped.

Terrible squeezed his bulk into the chair. To his horror, Richard Quay

stood the corpse up and observed it as with him.

The bedroom door had been left open as these rapid retreat. Now Quay caught sight of a pair of slippers here as they passed the front room. He was reminded of Terrible's description of Morris Hunt. Miss Hunt could be heard going into the bathroom. Suddenly Quay remembered he had forgotten to notice if there was any blood on the rug.

Suddenly there wasn't much on the rug would have set up a howl. She returned to the front room but did not hurry there, coming on into the bedroom and closing the door. Richard Quay held his breath.

Miss Hunt's well-shaped legs stood close to the feet of the bed.

Suddenly a forward-primed start dropped down around those trim ankles. Quay's face turned a bright red. The feet stopped tidily out of the door and a hand plucked it from the floor. Quay had a glimpse of Morris Hunt. But Morris Hunt had moved too swiftly to see him.

Everything became very quiet. Quay felt his Adam's apple stuck somewhere in his throat. Then the deathly ring.

A low, husky voice said, "There." The girl moved away from the bed. As her full figure bent up in the doorway, Quay let out a sigh. Morris had slipped on a black rug.

Morris Hunt opened the front door and cried out, "Red Bennett!" The door closed quickly.

The answer came in a man's deep rumble. "Supposed, aren't you, huh? Thought you could throw me over just like that." There came a snarl of fingers.

"You got me wrong, Ned." The raw edge of face still hung in Morris's voice. "You know the cops are still looking for you."

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"Yeah, and so do you. That's why you thought it safe to let Archie leave around."

Morris said, "You're all mixed up. Nell, I haven't seen Archie."

"It's no use lying, babe. I caught Archie on his knees when an hour ago waiting for you. If you didn't see him, then how did he get in. I'll tell you. With a key you gave him. What did you do with the key?"

For a long moment there was no answer. Then Ned Bennett said, "Look! Look there on the floor."

Morris's voice was so low that Quay barely heard her say, "Blood."

"Yeah," Bennett said. "Archie's blood. Not where's the body?"

"I don't know. Ned! I swear I don't know."

Richard Quay lay prostrate on the bed sweating his clothes off. He hoped Trimble would have sense enough to remain in the closet.

It was hot and close under the bed. To Quay's dismay he was suddenly seized with an urge to urinate. He tried to hold it back without success. Belatedly called it from the front room.

Quay stirred from his lying place. His worst fears were justified. Gray pants legs were moving toward the bedroom door.

Morris had moved off to one side of the room. Quay could now see what was coming. "Now," Bennett heard.

Mrs. Hunt threw the closet door open, then she screamed.

"Quay!" Bennett roared.

Quay sprang under the bed so he could look toward the closet. He saw Gordon Trimble's big feet behind those of the corpse. The big soap was standing there holding up the dead man. Morris Hunt had become deaf.

"Hello!" Gordon Trimble said suddenly.

"What do you think you're doing?"

Bennett inquired.

"I'm holding up the corpse," Trimble replied.

"That ain't funny," Bennett said. "Why are you here?"

Richard Trimble could answer, Morris spoke up. "Ned, I'm getting out of here."

"Sure, babe. We're both leaving just as soon as this punk is taken care of. He knows too much."

Morris's husky voice sharpened. "Have you gone kilt-crazy, Ned? Let's get out of here."

"They can't catch it on you, Ned. Not if you get out of here."

"That's what you think, kid. Remember that murder you saw me. I thought a lot of it—was it certainly. Probably every steel-pipe and sap in town can connect it with me. When I propped up Archie he got it off the chest. I didn't discover it until later. That's why I came back."

Bennett moved until he was beside the bed. He grabbed at Gordon Trimble. "Let go of that stuff and stand over here."

Trimble released his hold on the corpse. The body dropped to the floor with a thump.

Bennett said, "Touch the stiff first, Morris. The corpse ought to be an it before Betty has it."

Morris knelt down beside the body. Her fingers started to explore the pockets. Suddenly she froze. She had found herself staring straight into Richard Quay's face. She tried to speak but words refused to come.

"What the body's doing with you?" Bennett snapped.

Richard Quay asked an unspoken. Both hands shot out, seized the ankles of the gunner, and jerked. There was a sharp blast overhead, then the gunner was crawling like a bug on the floor.

Quay let go at the ankle and rolled out from under the bed. He was just in time to see Gordon Trimble's plump figure crash down on top of Bennett. Morris Hunt screamed at Trimble and started to grab a handful of hair. Fighting sense she settled for the ears.

Quay now knew how to handle down Gordon Trimble's fat cheeks. He grabbed up a blanket from the bed and threw it over Morris Hunt's head. For a couple of minutes he had his hands full, then Trimble came to his feet. Between them they succeeded in subduing the girl.

Quay turned to look at Bennett. The gunner lay very still. He was breathing peacefully. "I wonder how many of her ribs you broke?" Quay commented. Then he went to call the police. When he returned Trimble was slumped feeling his ears.

Trimble sighed. "But she was so young and so—well, you know, God, wouldn't you think she would hate this guy for killing her friends?"

"You've got a lot to learn about women like Morris Hunt," Quay said.

"I'll bet she didn't have a brother. Bennett was probably paying her rent and had to stay while the police put you close to him."

"I suppose that's the end of my two hundred and fifty dollars," Trimble said gloomily.

Quay grinned. "Chase up, pal. There's a reward of five hundred dollars for Bennett. We split it fifty-fifty. That gives you your two-fifty."

Trimble scratched his bald spot. "The getting the small end."

Richard Quay shrugged, then he said, "Say, where's my hat?"

"There," Trimble said, pointing to the floor.

"What's that hole doing in it?" Quay demanded.

"That," and Gordon Trimble accordingly, "is where the bullet passed through when you jerked the leg. I saw inside Bennett and set off his gun."

"What a nuisance," Richard Quay probed. "Where was my hat to catch that bullet?"

Gordon Trimble hesitated at the doorway. "On my head," he answered.

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Talking Points

THINGS TO COME . . .

You interrupted laughter of the world today may not live to see the final results, but there are already strange portents in the skies and your progress may yet accept considerably fantastic shape of the air beyond your wildest dreams. As a matter of fact, some of these aerial astonishments are already being slowly plotted out on the drawing-board. Of course, as one can say for certain in what shapes they will eventually appear, but read Christopher John's "Super-Skies of the Skies" for some current indications.

BROKEN SPILL . . .

This month, CAVALCADE is proud to produce a vivid spectacle of two refugees from the hell of Hitler's Germany. They say that, in this world, to get the things you most want you have only to walk sufficient of the right stream. In reality, however, the strange mysterious break and the prospects seem to dance. In "Kara-din's Puppet," author A. V. Paine tells of a stream that breaks and of what broke it. Don't disregard it; strange things have happened.

ON THE CON . . .

Now, all three-year men and any other maniacs (for that matter) may sit back and accept with whatever grace they can master the proof that they're small-time compared with what their ancestors used to be. In due time, Walter Henry presents the Grand-daddy of all Con-men, whose exploits would seem completely out

of this world if they weren't recorded in other police records. And there's a moral in it, too (?) There's always a sign (twist the stick and the tin).

GRAY-GOOSE FEATHER . . .

Meet Sir John Hawkwood, one of the most famous of English adventurers. Sir John commanded "The White Company," an unranked and undisciplined band of hairy-boys as our west . . . and in whose exploits Captain Doyle founded his novel of the same name. If you have any doubts about Sir John's abilities, just remember that he was a general who habitually fought with the side two to one against him . . . and won. Margaret Clarke will tell you the rest.

NEXE MONTH . . .

For February, CAVALCADE presents a ball which should attract everybody from the rampside onto the floor. For sportsmen (and sports), Frank Thomas tells how "A Cocking Noise Came Good", about (sometimes or otherwise) may join Jack Herring in trying to deduce a clue in the Sherlock Holmes, plus other moments of the more exotic branches of homicide, for historians (professional and arm-chair) there's an R. G. Angel yarn of bygone England, a lusty poem of Quakerdom here (Clara Jack's "When Quakerdom Had Short-blades"), and for historians, there's another Paul Graham story plus several others of the same nature. Give this thoroughly with cartoons and pix and you'll find it just your cup of tea.

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